

DRUMMER

ISSUE 126

495

MOTORCYCLE MEN

3 leathermen
bikes
hard rods

The Denim Raiders
fiction by Jack Ricardo

COLT THOMAS

The Fifth International Mr. Leather
finally shows it!

A Leathermans Legacy:
A Hero's Welcome
by Hoddy Allen

ROGER EARL,
S/M AUTEUR

on The Dungeons of Europe
Born To Raise Hell, & his other videos



Introducing
MAX BEAR

DISTRIBUTION TO MINORS PROHIBITED

DRUM



photo by Jim Hogen

DEPARTMENTS

4 Off the Top
by Fledermaus

5 Male Call

8 Rear View Mirror

25 DRUM
by Bill Ward

28 Leather Bulletin Board

29 Club Lists:
US & Canada: M-Z

30 Leather Calendar

46 Ties That Bind
by Guy Baldwin MS

53 Rough Stuff
by Bruce Marcus

70 Dear Sir

98 Tough Customers

99 Cumming Up

DRUMMER

ISSUE 126

SPECIAL FEATURES

- 22 COLT THOMAS** photos by Jim Wigler
International Mr. Leather 1983 shows it all for the first time in print
- 42 ROGER EARL, S/M AUTEUR**
The director of Born to Raise Hell, Chain Reactions, and The Dungeons of Europe trilogy talks with Kevin Wolff
- 47 THREE BIKERS** photos by John P. Kenny
3 Leathermen—3 Bikes—3 Hard Cocks!
- 59 MARK KLEIN** photos by Droux Studio
Mr. Southern California Drummer 1988-89, and second runner up in the 1988 Mr. Drummer Finals
- 66 MAX BEAR** by Mad Dog
A raucous and rambunctious cartoon creation by one of San Francisco's best known tattoo artists, Max is definitely NOT just your average bear!

FICTION

- 10 A HERO'S WELCOME**
by Huddy Allan, art by Howard Cruse
"Who the Hell are you?" The Master demanded.
"Someone you haven't met yet," The slave smiled back.
- 20 THE DENIM RAIDERS**
by Jack Ricardo, art by Etienne
The Sexuality of motorcycles and blue denim they knew, but there were still things to learn about sex with another man.
- 54 THE UTAH CONNECTION**
by David May, art by Otis

Cover

COLT THOMAS,
photo by Jim Wigler

Back Cover

MARK KLEIN and a hungry friend in his 1988
Mr. Drummer Finals fantasy presentation.
photo by Droux Studio

"If a man
does not keep
pace with his
companions,
perhaps it is
because he
hears a
different
drummer.
Let him step
to the music
he hears,
however
measured or
far away."
Henry David
Thoreau



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Tony DeBlase

OFF THE TOP

"HUMAN BONDAGE" REQUIRES A HUMAN

The Advocate issue 517, dated Jan 31, 1989, includes an article by "Jeff Drummond" entitled "Of Inhuman Bondage, why I left the world of sadomasochism". The article has many of my SM friends, including several on The Advocate staff, in an uproar. However, there are very few things in the article with which I can directly disagree, given, that is, the point of view of the uptight asshole who is writing. I am delighted he has left the world of SM. I hope many others like him follow his example.

"Jeff Drummond", I understand from reliable sources, is a pseudonym. This is perfectly understandable from the tone of the article. "Drummond" makes it clear that the world of SM "appalled and embarrassed me as much as it excited me. . . because lawdriness and squalor were all I could find. . . it followed. . . that they were all I deserved. . . Consequently, leather bars were inevitable. . . for nearly the entire time I inhabited this world, nobody knew about or even suspected what can accurately be called my secret life. Nobody. Gay friends, straight friends, people I worked with—nobody knew. . . The point is don't ever assume that somebody couldn't possibly be into S-M, that he is somehow too 'good' to be involved in anything so sordid."

Drummond makes it clear that he considered the entire scene repellant. NONE of his friends knew! That would just be toooo terribly embarrassing. Of course this also means that no one he encountered within the scene could possibly be his friend. They were lowlife scum who could never be considered FRIENDS. They were just there to service his depraved need. Otherwise they are to be ridiculed for indulging in things that don't fit his stereotype, like watching "Mary Poppins" and,

horror of horrors, singing along with it!

"The idea is that the master will 'respect your limits,' another shared and noble sounding phrase that gives a fine flavor of ritual to the whole sleazy business. Take it from one who knows, that these fine phrases are as deceptive as anything Lyndon LaRouche or Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh might say on a bad day. . . if you're going to play this particular game to any extent, sooner or later you're going to come across men who have not the slightest intention of respecting your limits. . . As you can count on death and taxes you can count on this. And when it happens you will be hurt, you will be traumatized, you will go into minor shock, and you will be terrified."

Yes, SM can be dangerous. Yes, there are nuts out there. Unfortunately they are everywhere in society. They gun down children on school playgrounds and they pick up vanilla types in discos and strangle them while they fuck them. You don't have to be into SM to meet up with dangerous weirdos but the activities SM people engage in do make them more vulnerable. That is one, and only one, of the reasons that networking is so important in the leather community. Drummond had absolutely no respect for any of the men he met in the scene, an attitude that guaranteed that he would meet exactly what he was expecting.

Long before there were leather bars, SM functioned through the "old boy" network of knowledgeable Tops and bottoms who passed on information about "good matches" and people to avoid. There was an information network that kept out the kooks, or at least minimized their presence and ability to get to those in the know. With the development of first the leather/motorcycle clubs, and then the

overtly SM clubs, this information system has grown spectacularly. Through correspondence, club meetings, etc. leather men talk to each other, friends tell friends. There are systems of checks and balances. There is also a lot of love and care. Limits and safewords are respected. Drummond is obviously incapable of comprehending this because he is incapable of sharing in it. He is too self-centered and to embarrassed by this terrible craving to admit any of the these unworthies to his true self. He cannot possibly share a round of *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious*. Thus he meets mainly those with the same low regard for their leather "brothers" as he has, and he complains that they are uncaring!

It is also quite revealing that he admits to playing Top for a while and he made a remarkable discovery: "The problem, I found, was that to do it well, to give a slave a genuinely good session, you really had to plan things and work at them. Otherwise, it was anticlimactic and disappointing, and I wanted neither of those elements in sessions I was running. So it turned into work, more work than I was willing to invest." He may have stopped playing in SM but he certainly hasn't taken his blinders off! YES! Being a good Top is a hell of a lot of work. He admits it and seems to be surprised by his discovery! But he seems to recognize it only when he is expected to do it. (What did I say about self-centered!) He is expecting sensitive, caring scenes, scenes that he admits require a lot of planning and work, from Tops he apparently doesn't give a shit about! I heartily agree, performing a good SM scene is definitely "more work that I am willing to invest" at least with assholes like Drummond!

Mr. Drummond, good bye and good riddance! □

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While Drummer hopes to educate its

readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate

from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of Drummer, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in Drummer, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

MALE CALL

SHOCKED AND APPALLED

I was shocked and appalled by your *Drummer* issue #122 on Cigars. Within three pages you managed to promote "safe, sane and consensual" S/M practices and then go totally the opposite way with Max Woodruff's "Stogie-sex". As a former journalist and specializing in LL/SM and as an active member of GMSMA and a founder of GMSMC of Philadelphia, I felt I had to write to express my indignation. Safe, sane and consensual S/M is by no means boring. In your purpose statement, you affirm that philosophy, yet you still publish "Stogie-sex" even though it violates almost all "the rules" of S/M pre-AIDS or not. As a dedicated S/M activist and experienced topman, I cannot sit back and allow our community to get further pigeonholed. *Drummer* is usually the only real contact the rest of the Gay community has with the S/M world. Don't contribute to the fear and misunderstanding. Nothing is more aggravating than being told "...that's not the idea I got from *Drummer*." Do our community a favor, keep it hot and keep it safe!

MD / Blue Bell, PA

One reason that magazines such as *Drummer* are sold only to adults is because adults are presumed to be capable of making their own reasoned decisions. Anyone who is active in the field of leathersex must be familiar with, and deal with, the line between fantasy and reality. While *Drummer* does promote safe, sane, and consensual S/M, realize that a certain amount of our FICTION (although NOT, in this case, "Stogie-sex") deals with fantasy "rape" scenarios. For the sake of logical consistency, a "rape" story is not likely to include careful, considerate S/M or condoms.

As to "Stogie-sex" in particular, I cannot agree with your criticism regarding non-consensualism. It is quite clear in the story that the bottom WANTS the scene, and at the first signs of struggle, the Top offers him an out. While the scene apparently comes close to the bottom's limits, it obviously does not surpass them, since he never objects strenuously. My own experience with cigar play suggests that the scene was realistic and could very well have happened. I do question the advisability of pumping 12 ounces of beer into someone's ass, but again, my experience suggests this is not unheard-of.

As to the sexual safety: yes, there is unsafe sex in this story. As I mentioned above, not every story in our magazine is going to include safe sex. *Drummer* is not

a safe sex manual. While we print articles, news items, editorials, and, yes, stories about safe sex, the primary purpose of our fiction is to get our readers' dicks hard. However, I do agree that this story in particular, since it was realistic in other respects and dealt with a situation which many of our readers might actually encounter, could have benefitted from an awareness of safe sex, if only as an aside letting us know that the characters had consciously accepted the risks they took.

—PM

LET'S GET SERIOUS

I've got a fetish for bikes. I mean Harley-Davidsons. Who the hell can get hot for Hondas? Their engines can't throb and pulsate between their wheels like a Harley's. A Harley is like a man who throbs and pulsates between his thighs when he's turned on. There's no better sex feeling or sound to match that of a Harley. And there's no better sex sight than a big booted, leather layered Harley Man when he's straddling his mount.

I mean I have a real fetish for my Harley. It's been sucked and fingerfucked, and its pipes have been cockfucked. Sometimes when riding I've shot into the wind with no hand on my cock. All it takes is concentration on the Harley's erotic mystique and me sitting on its black leather saddle with my crotch-booted legs gripping the hot Harley's crotch. By the way, I know a guy who takes his bike's saddle off and lets his asshole down and around the greased saddle post to get fucked by his bike. This is no shit.

These solo bikesex sessions don't mean we don't get just as hot for another booted, leathered Harley Man. What some of us bike fetishists like is group sex action around our bikes, pissing on hot engines, smelling the mixture of hot engines and leathered buddies, feeling metal and leather and watching or helping another queer biker shoot his cum on biker, boots, or wherever his cock is aimed. Then back on our bikes to ride free with our Bros with cock and balls bobbing and cum on our bikes and each other.

If there were no Harleys for us with high boots and heavy leathers, mansex would lose at least half its excitement.

CW / Shavertown, PA

You sound like a funky good time! If you're ever in San Francisco, I hope you'll stop by the *Drummer* offices. Bring your bike.

—KJL

DO RON RON

After receiving issue 123 and seeing Ron Zehel, the new Mr. *Drummer*, on both covers, I just want to say that *Drummer* magazine and the judges did us all proud. What a stud! Definitely show us more. During the coming year Ron will prove he deserves the title. Thanks again, this could be a whole new beginning for all of us young leathermen throughout the country. We are proud.

Mike / Rochester, MI

Your choice for Mr. *Drummer* is outstanding! Ron Zehel is the best looking Mr. *Drummer* yet. Joe Vavaro was OK, yet Ron is the image of today's MASTER. He has a lot of charisma, and I can't stop thinking of him. Mr. *Drummer* Ron Zehel, I am thrilled that you got it. God, did you deserve it. Whole-hearted congrats, man, I mean, SIR! More power to you, and thanks also to one great magazine.

Charles / Cleveland, OH

In addition to being a real cock-tingler, Ron has already demonstrated his willingness to participate in fund-raising activities, and to make the personal appearances which enhance the Mr. *Drummer* title. With issue 130, we plan not only to reveal Ron's skin-deep beauty photographically, but will also feature Ron's own thoughts (in an interview conducted by Scott Tucker) on his role as a member of a new generation of leathermen.

—KJL

FIRM HOLD ON HOPE

After the return of Dennis Wells from the Mr. *Drummer* Midwest contest, Dennis, Ron Greenwood, and Rusty Cook decided to put together a leatherman's organization here in Tulsa. The way that they got people here interested is by putting on a CAN FOOD DRIVE for AIDS hospice groups. They added other necessities besides can goods. The drive sparked a lot of interest in those who wanted to be a part of a brotherhood who shares and gives. And still keep an independent status as men of leather.

On January 21, 1989, we get a name for ourselves, and hopefully be a part of a status with other leather clubs around the world.

We plan to keep the CAN FOOD DRIVE going throughout the year to help these people keep a firm hold on hope that all things will be in the best interest of all people.

Thanks for the contests that you've helped sponsor throughout the country.

DRUMMER

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DRUMMER 126

Without them we would have to strive harder for recognition. I also enjoy your magazine. Thanks again, and BEST WISHES IN THE NEW YEAR!

GH / Tulsa, OK

CHAMPING AT THE BIT

In your issue #122 of *Drummer*, you had a pictorial of a young man called Champ. In my opinion he's terrific.

Can you give me any additional biographical information? Can I get more pictures? Can I contact him directly?

JJ / Garner, NC

Champ was one of the "Stogie Smokers" featured in our Cigar issue. All of the photos in that spread are from the one and only Old Reliable. I would not expect to make direct contact with Champ, but I assure you Old Reliable will have more photos available for sale. Contact them at: Old Reliable, 1626 N. Wilcox, #107, Hollywood, CA 90028.

—KJL

TEXAS TOPMAN

You are probably aware that I am the Texas Topman referred to in *Drummer* #106. The incident occurred in April 1987 at my ranch in Collin County, Texas, near Dallas. I am pleased to announce that as of this date, all charges have been dropped, quashed, or dismissed. No legal actions are pending against me. A few loose ends (recovering my personal property, etc.) remain to be settled.

As you know, the allegations were preposterous, but because publicity about the incident was sensationalized and widely circulated, the sheriff and district attorney over-reacted and later could not muster the political courage to admit that the incident had been totally voluntary by both parties and that I had broken no laws. Thus, nineteen months of legal foot-dragging. Now that the criminal court phase of the affair is apparently behind me, I am interviewing civil attorneys and will seek redress of the injustice.

Brothers across the U.S. and in several foreign countries have been very supportive during the tribulation. We may never be able to thank them all personally, but my slave Gary and I hope they know we are very grateful.

JH / Dallas, TX

To refresh everyone's memory, JH responded to a *Drummer* classified ad placed by a "slave" who specifically requested a situation involving "total chained, pierced, branded submission." After arranging for the "slave's" relocation, JH kept him in chains and under close supervision for several days. JH was understandably surprised by the subsequent arrival of several police cars responding to the "slave's" complaint call that he was being held against his will and

tortured. The incident resulted in JH's arrest. We congratulate JH on the dismissal of any charges and thank him for this follow-up on this nasty business. A reminder in S/M there is risk involved for the Topman, too!

—KJL

SIEGFRIED'S RHINE JOURNEY

I have tried three times, unsuccessfully, to read "Touchable Tits" by Fledermaus, Issue #121.

I can hardly wait for the fourth attempt. I have gotten as far as "I pulled my head away and again gripped his nipples in my fingers—" At that point, it's just a fantastic eruption.

I have finally learned how to read erotic stories. It is imperative that you not just "read," but really get into it. You don't read sentences; you read words.

The setting is important. For "Touchable Tits" I work on them for not less than one-half hour with clamps. Put on a harness, maybe a ball bag. Then relax. Turn the lights low. Sit in your favorite chair. I use an "Eames" type that rocks, which puts the pressure on and off the tit clamps.

Then, put on your favorite clamps, the ones with bite. Tie the clamps from the chain to a stationary chair, or anything that will not move easily. Put on a tape. For me, Pink Floyd, "The Dark Side of the Moon," or "Siegfried's Rhine Journey" are best.

Now read, word by word, and "feel" it. You may add poppers, or whatever. Sheer ecstasy that is pretty hard to describe.

TB / New Bedford, MA

KEEP THE REAL MEN

I just wanted to say thanks for your recent issues with your bigger, beefier, real men. I love the "ZZ TOP" types and I can't wait for your biker issue. And how about convincing MD of Rootstown, OH (Page 6, issue 122,) of a photo session? I could think of a few places he could sit. You're getting better after a slightly dull period. Keep the real men—we can get pix of pretty boys anywhere.

CD / Long Beach, CA

Tattoo Bear (M. D. of Rootstown) has captured the imaginations of a number of our readers (and at least one editor.) *Drummer* is a magazine for and about ALL kinds of "real men," some of whom are "Pretty Boys," and some of whom are "ZZ Top" types, with a wide range in between. But often the non—"Pretty Boys" seem to be shy about sending us pictures. Don't be! We genuinely want to see, and publish, photos of REAL men—from the outlaw biker-look to, yes, the "Pretty Boys." Let us see!

—PM □

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REAR VIEW MIRROR

Jack Fritscher

(Researched by Ron Johnson and Jack Fritscher)

HOME IS THE SAILOR! HOME FROM THE SEA!

In the beginning, the leather gods said, "Let there be Eden." And there was. And they found San Francisco good. World War II, manning the Pacific Front, crammed The City with horny young soldiers whose last view of America, as their embarking warships slipped west under the Golden Gate, was the low-slung skyline of white buildings that receded into the gray fog.

The tender young seafood fought the war and won.

The battle ships returned to San Francisco.

Wide open, the City was a Party.

"How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?"

"You can't, Blanche," as Miss Davis and Miss Crawford might have said.

"You can't."

War turns teenagers into warriors, especially when the war is distinctly between bad guys and good guys. The phallic romance of battle, uniforms, guns, and machinery changes a man who has spent years tightly billeted with other men.

Not every swabby and Marine went back to sweet Carol in Keokuk.

Open City!

Shore leave is taking leave of your senses.

The open seaport of San Francisco, as it had for the tall-ship sailors, '49-er miners, and cowpokes from the earliest days of the Barbary Coast, rewarded the WWII victors, who hotgunned their not-very-pacific Pacific battle stations for years at the risk of sudden death, with the one and only

thing as intense as war: SEX!

Mark Henry's fascinating history of early San Francisco, written at San Francisco State University, unearthed positive evidence, in personal diaries kept from the period, that not every Barbary Brothel was straight. A silent tradition was already in place.

Men, even before the original Gold Rush, always outnumbered females in the City by the Bay. Necessity may be the "Mother of Invention," but Hot Dick is the "Father of Perversatility."

Any port in a storm.

A Buddy/Buddy Attitude, grounded in the crowded anonymity of a port city, where ships—like men—passed darkly through the night, was embraced. From the start, Frisco Men traditionally have lived by the ancient male/male Code of the Sea, the cowboy-miner Buddy Code of the West, the Semper Fi of the military, and nobody scared the horses.

Hi, Sailor! New in Town?

The many young WWII vets who set their khaki butts down in San Francisco bars merged with the already-settled "bachelors" who pop-POP-POPULATED the Bay Area port cities. Effeminate men and drag queens were, informants attest, virtually unseen, probably still at home, experimenting with Max Factor. The postwar-style of Butch was "In."

Many a homomasculine San Francisco citizen, from office worker to merchant marine, was more than patriotically happy to host the footloose-and-fancy-free young vets.

"Hi, sailor? New in town?"

That line, a joke today, had real meaning back then to a lonely soldier, lonely and blue, all alone, with nothing to do. Seafood connoisseurs had a fastfood feast roaming the bars and streets.

Who Put The Penis In The SF Peninsula?

A man does what a man has to, wants to, do. Penis celebrated penis in the peninsular City that has always been a free-spirited Sodom-Oz oh-so-loosely attached to the rest of the US. More than once San Francisco—thank you, Jesus!—has tried to shake itself loose from the tight-assed American continent.

Male encounters have always had a proud, but "politely" censored history in San Francisco—that history whispered sotto voce at first and then louder, growing with intensity as the ball-bearing population, especially after World War II, grew in numbers, until finally, in the 1970's, the love that once dared not speak its name, having been stonewalled once too often, began to scream!

Why's The "Y" Deny The "WHY" Of Its Success

Both YMCA's, the Golden Gate and, especially, the SOMA Embarcadero Y, were WWII smorgiastic smorgasboards. With more than 2 million served, the YMCA, long before The Village People celebrated its discreet charms, should have won its Golden Arches and changed its name to Y-MAC DONALD'S. What happened in those YMCA rooms, halls, stairs, gyms, and shower-room toilets is legendary.

To connect ancient history to recent history, that WWII YMCA sex-scene evolved and continued up through the digging of BART not-so-straight down Market Street. For 30 fucking years, the mid-40's to the 70's, the Y's were the embryo that eventually gave birth to the SOMA Baths. As the decades changed, man-to-man Y-MAC sex switched uniform from veterans to construction workers building BART and elevating the post-modern high-

rise skyline of old, low-slung San Francisco.

A straight man is as smart as a fag when he wants his cock sucked hard and fast with no strings attached. And the Y's were the happy hunting grounds of homosexuality no matter what the current goody-2-shoes management protests too loudly today. (Who the fuck do they think kept them in business all these years anyway? Nuns?)

Meanwhile Back At Post-WWII

"Hey, swabbie! Tired of the cramped rooms at the Y? Wanna get more comfortable?" Miss Clooney sang on the jukebox, "Come on a' my house....I give you peach an' a pear, an' I love your hair."

Every cocksucker worthy of his Seafood Fishing License ran his San Francisco/Oakland digs as a private man-to-man USO.

The War was over. The Fleet was in. Sailors, jitterbugging together, danced subtextually to the strains of "When I'm Not Near the Girl That I Love, I Love the Guy I'm Near."

Insatiable SF bachelors, living in homes and apartments, installed discreetly revolving doors while the horny young warriors, homesick and home-at-last, waited their discharge papers. They were triumphant victors. They had become men under fire. They could fucking well do what they wanted. And they did. They fucked and got sucked like there was no tomorrow, and when tomorrow's morning came, all they had to say was, "Boy! Was I drunk last night."

The Atomic War itself, as much as the exploding male population, caused the grand old Victorians to be turned into rooming houses and divided into small studios. Rent was paid as often in "trade" as it was in cash.

South Of Market Workmen's Hotels

Closet doors banged quietly open. Not every soldier wanted to leave his Baghdad Daddy quite so fast to climb back on his Iowa daddy's dull tractor. After living tight with close buddies all during the war, men had grown accustomed to homo-sociability. The urge to merge man-to-man—far easier than all the claptrap a man has to put up with when he gets suckered into pussy—spread from the Y to the multitude of workingmen's single-room hotels located South of Market. "Sexual preference" widened from farmboy preference-for-gender to a sophisticated preference for Blessed Sex itself. "Gender be damned," one sailor is reported to have said, "as long as my cock feels good."

Later, by the time these blue-collar

SOMA hotels were fairy-dusted into gay baths, they were already stewed in butch cum.

Fair Trade

Funny how Ten Inches of Hard Cock captures more hearts than Ten Stone Commandments. Outmoded morals turned to outrageous orals. In an anonymous crowd in a Party City, men began to come out to fraternize for love and money. ("After all, a Marine ain't a queer as long as he only fucks with other Marines." This jar-head oral tradition, a retired Leather-neck informant said, is not found in USMC manuals!) But once a man fucks with men, there's no turning back.

Everyone hears of hets turning queer. When was the last time anyone ever heard of a faggot going for-god's-sake-2.3-kids straight? Besides, "like seeks like," one maxim says, and "mixed marriages"—like, maybe, between opposite sexes—"never work," another maxim says. Queers at the time offered a high-quality of life-style far different from back home. They seduced the vets with that peach, that pear, plus a little booze, free head, handy cash, and that new little kick: smoking reefer.

Enter the Pleasure Zone, boys! "Candy is dandy," straight guys jaw about girls, "but liquor is quicker." What works on the goose works on the horny young gander. Amazing slick grace! How fast a shot and a hit make a young soldier without much cash want sex, free sex, so bad he'll let a cocksucker go down on him while he shuts his eyes and half-pretends those hot lips belong to sweet Carol from Keokuk.

So Long, Carol! Hello, Carl!

Along with the Y, imagine those nights in those SOMA hotels, with their one bath down the hall, and their single-room doors left slightly ajar. These blue-collar cheap hotels later became the Barracks, the Slot, the Handball Express, and The Hot House—which was almost directly across the street from The Bar That Put SOMA on the US Sex Map: THE TOOL BOX.

What was taboo in Keokuk became totem in San Francisco!

(Editor's Note: As *Drummer* collects the history of our Leather/SM culture, we need your input, anecdotes, experiences, dates, photos, etc. If you have a story to tell, a fact to add (or correct,) photos to share about bars and other meeting places, early bike runs/clubs, or S/M scenes—write to: Rear View Mirror, PO Box 11314, San Francisco CA, 94101-1314.

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A Hero's Welcome

story by **HODDY ALLEN**
illustration by **HOWARD CRUSE**





"Who the hell are you?" the Master demanded.
The Slave smiled back.

"Someone you haven't met yet.
As if I have time to meet new people.
You will," said the Slave. "You will."

Jenie woke from his dream to see Monika with more flowers. This time she brought roses, big white ones in full bloom, and she was arranging them into two tall vases on a bed table set like Archie's right. He watched her separate the flowers' bouquets into two ones, and he sighed.

"More flowers?"

"Of course, Arch," Monika said with her back to him. "I've told you a dozen times, sick people in hospitals are supposed to get flowers lots of them."

Archie turned his head on the pillow to face two large vases of red long-stems Monika had brought that morning, now standing on a bed table to his left. He looked down at the foot of his bed where, on a table wheeled into place yesterday, there were three overflowing arrangements of blue and yellow blooms Archie could not name. Behind them, and taking up all the room on the narrow ledge of the big double window of his room, stood various arrangements of catclaws, chrysanthemums, carnations and daisies all neatly placed in a row of smaller vases. Archie did not mind any more flowers, a fact which seemed to be lost on his friend.

Monika held back her long red hair with one hand and snuffed at one of the roses she'd been fiddling with.

"It's like the Garden of Allah in here," she said as she looked about Archie's private room. "Don't you think? It makes the place smell less like a hospital."

"I don't smell them," Archie said, wrinkling his nose. "I keep smelling spices. Cinnamon and cloves, I think."

Archie closed his eyes.

"Are you going back to sleep?"

"No."

He looked up to see Monika sit down on the visitor's chair by his bed, her leather jacket slung across its back. She had come to the hospital on her bike so she was in her gear: jacket, chaps and boots. It ticked Archie to think of his friend clomping down the clean, white corridors past the staff dressed in their antiseptic shades of pale blue and green. He could just imagine the quiet commotion she created when they saw her coming down the hall in shining black leather, carrying a big bunch of roses.

And Archie would have given anything to have seen the expression on the ward nurse's face when Monika passed by her big desk to get to his room.

"I spoke to Ken again," Monika said.

"What did he say?"

"I'm sure he wants to come, Arch, but —"

"He's afraid to, I know."

Monika shrugged. "He's . . . uneasy about it."

"Ken is afraid to see me this sick," Archie said.

Monika tried to change the subject. "Nate and Angelo said they were coming by tonight."

"I must look as awful as I feel," Archie said.

Monika grabbed his hand. "You're sick, Arch," she said. "Sick people in hospitals aren't supposed to look their best. Nate and Angelo are doing well." Changing the subject was never an easy task with Archie. "Did I tell you they've found a boy of their own?"

Archie smiled, surprised and pleased with the news. Monika smiled back, pleased with having taken his mind off of Ken.

He's kind of cute, a humpy little number that answered their ad. The boys tell me he's got lots of potential but they're having one hell of a time keeping him in line. It seems he's scared of what he's gotten himself into."

"So Nate and Angelo have a boy of their own," Archie said, proudly.

"He's a handful, though," Monika reached into her shirt pocket, then remembered the hospital's rule about smoking. She left the pack where it was. "The boy knows perfectly well what Nate and Angelo expect from him. It said as much in their ad. But he's given them nothing but trouble all attitude and back-talk."

"Those boys can handle him," Archie said.

Monika reached for Archie's hand again. She held onto it for a while, remembering its strength.

"Monika?"

"Yes, Arch?"

"I do look pretty awful, don't I?"

Monika turned her head to look out the door. The clean, white tile corridor was busy with people moving back and forth, white

uniformed nurses and blue-coated orderlies. She watched them hurry past the door, shuffling softly on rubber-soled shoes, while the bing-bing of the PA system chimed discreetly over their heads. She hated it when Archie asked her questions like that.

"Do I really look that awful, Monika?" Archie asked again.

She turned to face him. "You look like shit, all right?"

He squeezed her hand. "You know why I'm asking."

"I'll talk to Ken again, OK?" Monika said. She patted Archie's cool hand. "I'll see what I can do."

Archie closed his eyes again, this time to go back to sleep, feeling Monika's warm strong hand wrapped around his. "Monika?" he said.

"What?"

He looked up one more time at his friend, smiling. "Thank you," he said. He closed his eyes and dozed off.

"Is Ken coming to visit you soon?" the Slave asked.

He had come in from somewhere, bringing with him the Master's favorite pair of boots. He knelt with them before the old-fashioned barber's chair and ceremoniously helped the Master's bare feet into them, gently lifting each foot from the chair's chrome footrest and lovingly kissing the instep first.

"Is he?" the Slave asked again.

The Master looked up from the green file-folder resting on his bare lap, just the watch the black-haired, white-skinned spirit perform his task. He returned his attention to the file again when the Slave produced a polishing cloth.

"Did your friend, Monika, convince him to come yet?"

"Nate and Angelo said they were coming by tonight," the Master said, trying to change the subject.

"I still don't see why this man is so important to you," the Slave said as he bent forward to lick the Master's right boot. Slowly he left a wide wet line from the square toe up to the shin. He straightened up again and began to vigorously shine it with the cloth.

The Master looked up from the file marked NATE AND ANGELO and said, determinedly, "Nate and Angelo have a boy of their own, now." He stared down at the top of the Slave's head.

The Slave bent forward again, this time to lick the Master's left boot. His pink tongue blackened by the polish, he straightened up again.

"Tell me about Nate and Angelo," he said as he began to shine the left boot.

"Not much to tell," the Master said, smiling to himself.

"How did you meet them?"

"I placed an ad," the Master said. "They answered it."

The naked Slave made the polishing cloth disappear.

"Did they both answer your ad?" The slave looked up innocently.

"No," the Master said with some surprise. "Nate answered it."

"And didn't tell Angelo," the Slave filled in the rest.

"No, he didn't," the Master returned. "Angelo had no idea of Nate's developing interests."

"Why?" the Slave asked. "Why didn't Nate tell Angelo that he had written to you?"

The Master looked down at the Slave's face. The hard, black, shining eyes surprised him with their naive sincerity as the Slave waited for an answer to his question.

The Master chuckled. "Ever hear of jealousy?"

The Slave shrugged, then belled down on the floor before the Master's booted feet. The Master stretched his legs out and rested them on his bootheels so that the Slave could lick the soles.

"So you saw Nate 'on the sly,' so to speak," the Slave said.

"No, I did not," the Master was quick to defend himself.

"Nate was the one who did all the sneaking around to see me, 'on the sly.' I kept telling him to be honest with Angelo about us instead of playing games. But he'd insist on lying and making up excuses to Angelo.

"But the thing that pissed me off the most, more than Nate treating me like some affair on the side, was when Nate had the nerve to tell me he suspected Angelo. He got wind of an idea that Angelo, too, was seeing someone, 'on the sly.'

The Master took the folder folded neatly on his bare lap and threw it, contents and all, into the white nothingness that surrounded them: the Master, the Slave, and the old fashioned barber's chair shiny with chrome and covered with black leather. He found he liked to watch the pieces of paper flutter away like wild birds released from a cage.

"So?" The Slave looked up from under the Master's boots. "Who was Angelo seeing?"

The Master grinned from ear to ear.

"Angelo had figured it out and come to see me, primarily to confront me for being 'the other man.' We talked it out, but we also managed to get into some of Angelo's interests, ones he'd never told Nate about. One thing led to another and soon Angelo started to see me too, 'on the sly.'

The Slave was incredulous. "They were cheating on each other with the same man."

"Nate kept telling me how much he'd like to get his hands on the bastard his lover was seeing. Angelo thought he was getting even with Nate."

The Slave was busy digging his tongue into the crack along the edge of a bootheel, a detail which pleased the Master to no end. The apparition at his feet was certainly most enthusiastic, more so than Angelo, who would always be the Master's favorite boot-boy. The Master also noticed, most happily, that for the first time in months he was getting a hard-on.

"So when did Nate find out about you and Angelo?"

The Slave looked up again from the soles of the Master's boots, smiled at the growing hard-on and went back to work.

"I made a date with both of them one night, and when I brought Nate into the room where I had left Angelo to wait, I said, 'Nate, meet your lover Angelo. Angelo has been my other slave for some time now and yes, I'm the bastard your lover has been seeing. Would you like to get your hands on me now?' I'll never forget the looks on both their faces."

The Master stretched back on the barber's chair and brought his hand to his erection while the Slave's blackened tongue cleaned out boot treads and touched up the polish here and there.

"I made the boys top each other that night," the Master said, smiling at the memory of how Nate and Angelo got to know each other again. "I gave them each other's power symbols, so to speak, and made them use them on each other. Nate learned how to handle his lover on a collar and leash and Angelo discovered how much his lover needed a good whipping with a stiff crop every once in a while. I was lazy and sat back for most of the night. I jerked off a couple of times, too, while I watched them."

The Slave got up off the floor and sat back on his knees. "But would they still need you in their lives?"

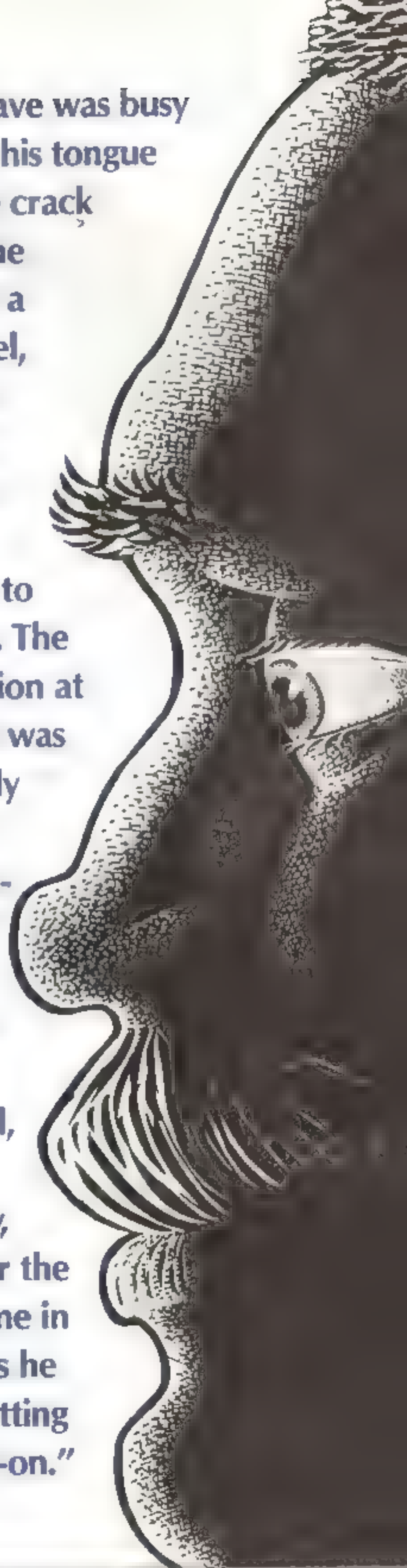
The Master smiled back.


"Sir? Master?"

Archie woke up slowly to see a blurred image of a blond man standing by his bed. He tried hard to focus until Nate's face suddenly came into sharp detail. He smiled up sleepily and studied the boy's blue-green eyes and handsome, square-set face.

"You still have that damn beard, I see," Archie said. He hated Nate's recent interest in face-fur. The brown and gold growth hid Nate's strong chin and angular jaw.

"The Slave was busy digging his tongue into the crack along the edge of a bootheel, a detail which pleased the Master to no end. The apparition at his feet was certainly most enthusiastic. The Master also noticed, most happily, that for the first time in months he was getting a hard-on."





‘The figure in the shadows stepped lightly toward his bed. The rich, spicy scent grew stronger as the night time visitor reached over Archie’s head to turn on the lamp. Who the hell are you?’, Archie demanded. ‘Someone you haven’t met yet,’ the Slave answered.”

A Hero's Welcome

Would you like me to shave it off for you, Sir? Nate said, fingering his chin. He wasn't sure he wanted to hear the answer. "You know I would if you said me."

No son. Archie said appreciatively. "I know you would. I was just thinking about you when we first met. That's a

"Me too, Master?"

Angelo stood on the other side of the bed and leaned over so that Archie could see him. He liked Angelo's little black moustache, a fixture under his nose that Archie had never known him to be without. It went well with the boy's dark eyes and thick black curly hair. Archie smiled up at Angelo, until he saw the bouquet of flowers hidden behind the man's back.

He made a face when Angelo held them out.

"Monika said you'd like some," he said sheepishly.

"She would, that sadist."

Archie snuffed. "And who the hell is wearing musk? Since when have you boys been into perfume, hah?"

Nate and Angelo looked at each other from across the bed and shrugged.

Never mind," he said. "So I hear you boys have a boy of your own?"

Angelo laid the flowers on the table behind him and headed for the door.

We brought him with us for you to meet, Sir. If that's all right with you," Nate said.

Archie nodded and heard Angelo calling to someone out in the corridor. He could barely see the figure as it stepped in from the bright white light into the shadows of his semi-lit room.

Come here, boy," Nate said to the figure. "Come into the light."

A young man, perhaps in his early twenties, stepped into the circle of light from Archie's bed lamp. He was certainly younger than the three of them and smaller as well. But stocky. Archie figured the boy was probably quite well-built under his plaid shirt and jeans. His crewcut, no doubt a condition of his submission to Nate and Angelo, was a light brown and his face, at the moment carrying a mixed expression of both curiosity and self-consciousness, had a strong-willed, little-boy look: wide-eyed and pouty. He stood close to Nate and held his head down.

'Boy," Nate snapped his fingers at him. He looked up at Nate with a pained expression, glanced back to see Angelo leaning against the closed door of the room, and he sighed pitifully. He stripped off his clothes and stood naked at Archie's bedside.

Archie made him turn around so he could see what his boys had to work with. Along with some more sighs and why-me looks, the kid did what he was told. Not a bad looking body, Archie thought. The attitude left a little to be desired, but from the looks of him, the boy did have potential.

"Talk to me, boy," Archie finally said to the naked boy.

He stammered back. "H-how are you. . . Sir?"

"I'm dying."

The boy looked away. His face turned red as he said, "I'm sorry, Sir. I'm really very sorry." He seemed torn between running naked out of Archie's room or just breaking down and crying right on the spot.

Don't apologize," Archie said sternly. His tone resolved the boy's crisis in a flash. "But I hear you're a lot of trouble for your Masters."

The naked boy looked up quickly at Archie, startled, then averted his eyes down again.

I'm told you're making it difficult for them to train you. Do you want them to be your Masters or not?"

The boy's face burned redder still. He brought his hands to cover his crotch.

Yes Sir, I do," he said to the floor. "I try to do my best, but —"

"No buts about it, boy," Archie cut in on him. "If you want to be their boy you've got to do what they tell you. No excuses, no fucking around. Understand?"

The boy nodded, keeping his head down.

"Do what they say without question. Trust your Masters to know what's good for you. I know these boys well. I know the filth of my

hand. Heli," Archie laughed, "THEY know the flat of my hand pretty well, don't you, boys?"

Nate and Angelo, who had been standing by the door, grinned and nodded, remembering full well their own reddened butts when Master wasn't pleased.

"And I know they care enough about you to put up with you," Archie said. "So if you let them, I know they can teach you well."

The young man looked up at Archie's face and smiled for the first time since he came into the room. He gave a shy sweet smile, and Archie noticed his eyes: soft brown.

"So you'll be a good boy for my boys?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do what you're told to do?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And take your punishment when you screw up!"

He hesitated before answering this one. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. Get dressed and wait out in the hall. I want to talk to your Masters a one."

Archie watched the boy quickly dress and head out the door to the corridor busy with people rushing back and forth under the bright white light. As soon as the door was closed he turned his attention to Nate and Angelo, now standing together on the right side of his bed.

"He seems like a good kid," Archie said to them. "A handful, I'm sure. But then, so were you two."

"We're so glad you approve of him," Nate whispered. Angelo wrapped his dark, furry arm around his lover's shoulder.

"Who's there," he whispered in the dark.

It was the middle of the night and something was wrong. Not with Archie, who lay wide awake in his bed, but with the hospital. It was quiet. The door to his room, left open, showed a dark, empty corridor where people should be racing back and forth on their errands. There should have been sounds: voices from the other rooms in the ward; noises from the street below. But even the farthest reaches of Archie's bedridden world felt quiet and still. And dark. All he could hear was a faint rustling. A strong scent of musk and spice came towards him from the big double window of his room. And in between the silvery beams of moonlight pouring through the flowers on the sill, Archie could see a figure.

"Ken? Is that you?" he asked.

It moved. The figure in the shadows stepped lightly toward his bed. The rich, spicy scent grew stronger as the night time visitor reached over Archie's head to turn on the lamp.

"Who the hell are you?" Archie demanded.

The dark-haired man smiled back. He was dressed in full leather gear: jacket, harness, chaps, and boots. The black sharply contrasted his bone-white skin. He smiled at Archie, flashing bright, white teeth. His eyes were black and shone like his leather.

"Someone you haven't met yet?" the Slave answered.

"As if—" began Archie, then he stopped himself. He knew who it was now sitting on the bed next to him.

"You were telling me about Nate and Angelo before, remember?" the Slave said, as he brought out a silver bowl and washcloth from somewhere.

"Oh, I remember," Archie said. "I just didn't recognize you with clothes on." He grinned and wondered if the apparition could blush.

The Slave didn't. He smiled and dunked the washcloth into the silver bowl. "Would you like me naked?" he asked as he lowered the bedsheets. "You just have to tell me."

"I know," said the Master. "But I'm afraid that here, someone might come in and see you. Besides, I've never seen you in gear before. Looks good."

The Slave laughed. He began to wash the Master's chest,

rubbing the warm, wet cloth that smelled rich with spice from nipple to nipple then up to the Master's neck. The bath felt soothing and cooling on Archie's fevered skin.

"So Ken still hasn't come by yet," the Slave said as he gently lifted an arm to wash it.

"Monika's still talking to him."

"Tell me about her."

"She's a friend."

The Slave washed the other arm, fingertips to armpit. A cool buzz tingled where the washcloth had been.

"Did you ever play with her?"

The Master laughed. "We tried twice."

The Slave pushed the cloth softly behind the Master's head. Cool waves relaxed neck muscles.

"But it didn't work out," the Slave finally said.

"No, it didn't work out," the Master said. "I don't have much experience with women, I'm afraid. I was the only man Monika knew she could come to. I did feel honored."

The Master kept his eyes closed while the Slave washed his face. He opened them, blinking, as the Slave dropped the cloth into the bowl and made both disappear. A towel took its place in the Slave's hands.

"So you two are still friends," the Slave said as he patted Archie's chest and arms. Warm waves replaced the cool tingling sensation of the bath: not a feverish warm, but a pleasant, glowing one that seemed to come from somewhere inside of Archie's tired body.

"Monika, it turns out, likes her men much the same way I like mine," the Master said, relaxing in the warm glow. "We spend a lot of time comparing notes and occasionally we share a boy or two."

The Slave made the towel go away. He began to tuck in the sheets and plump up the pillow under Archie's head.

"What was she like before she met you?" the Slave asked.

"How the hell should I know?"

"Well, was she into leather, or was she riding a bike?"

"No, of course not," the Master said. He thought about it for a second. "No, Monika wasn't doing any of that. She wasn't sure if she could."

"She needed permission?" The Slave sat down next to Archie on the bed.

"No, that's not what she needed. What she needed was for someone to explain to her what she was 'into,' as they say. She knew she had the potential and certainly the passion for SM. Monika just didn't know of anyone else into it, except me."

"So you taught her?"

"All I did," the Master said, "was give her lots of advice. That, and whatever literature I could dig up on women and SM. I showed her some of my toys, told her how to make or find her own, and when she was ready I helped place her first contact ad. Beyond that, Monika did it all on her own."

"Just don't blame that damn bike of hers on me. The day she brought that thing home I told her she was nuts. 'You're going to break your neck on that thing,' I told her. But Monika had stopped listening to me long before that."

The Master looked up into the Slave's dark shining eyes.

"I'm going to miss her," he said sadly.

"I know you are," said the Slave.

"She's been a good friend. Nobody else, not even my boys, have ever gotten as close to me as she has. And I guess no one else will."

"I wouldn't know about that," the Slave said, getting up off Archie's bed.

"Monika brings me flowers. Every day she brings me a bunch, knowing full well I'll only bitch and complain about it. She even gets my other visitors to bring some, telling them I just love to get flowers, which is why my room looks like a florist's jungle. But I know why she does it. She does it for the same reason

she calls me 'Arch' all the time. No one else dares to call me that. It's her way of telling me she loves me—where are you going?"

The Slave headed towards the big double window, into the shadows of the flowers and vases dark in the silvery beams of moonlight.

"Go on," he said to the Master. "Keep talking. I'm listening."

"I've never told her how much I love her," the Master spoke louder. "She has to know how much I've treasured her friendship, how important she is to me. . . How my life wouldn't have been the same without Monika in it, calling me 'Arch'."

"Arch?"

He opened his eyes to bright daylight in the room. The dark, still night, the beams of moonlight, the Slave—were gone. Monika leaned forward in the visitor's chair and patted his hand. Noises came from the corner or beyond the open door.

"Arch, are you OK?" she asked. She seemed very worried.

"Sure, I guess."

She sighed in relief. "It was worth it, Arch. Your eyes were wide open and you were talking but . . ."

"I know," he said, as much to reassure Monika as himself.

Spoke to Ken again," she told him.

Monika winked. "Is tonight OK?"

Arch closed his eyes and nodded, biting his lower lip.

"Arch?" Monika patted his chest. "Do you happen to remember what you were talking about while you were . . ."

Arch blinked up at his friend and smiled, remembering fully every word he had said to the Slave.

"You heard what was in my heart, Monika. And I'm so glad you were here to hear it."

The Master stood up from the old-fashioned barber's chair at last. It felt good to be standing after so many bedridden months. He took a few steps forward in his boots and he even tried out a few deep knee bends, just a few, enough to enjoy the return of strength and mobility to his legs. He took a few deep breaths of scented air and rubbed his furry belly.

"Ken's coming to visit tonight," he said to the Slave who came in from somewhere. He had brought the Master's chaps with him, and he knelt.

"Well, it's about time," he said as he unzipped the legs and undid the buckle. He reached up and wrapped the belt around the Master's waist. "It took Monika long enough to convince that boy to come." The Slave's impatience with the matter of Ken was showing.

"In some kind of hurry?" The Master looked down at the Slave, hands on his hips.

"Aren't YOU?" Then the Slave dropped his head at his impertinence.

The Master patted the Slave's head. He sunk his fingers into the dark, thick hair. It was surprisingly soft. The Master kept his hand on the Slave's head for balance while he was zipped into his chaps.

The Slave adjusted the chaps a bit, making sure the leather framed nicely the Master's cock and big, furry balls. He stared at them for a while.

"What makes someone like Ken so important to you?" he asked.

The Master laughed and gently pushed the Slave's face into his crotch. "Y'know, for a slave," he said, "you sure do ask a lot of questions."

Monika left them alone, quietly closing the door behind her. Ken tiptoed into the room and whispered his greetings as he stood behind the table full of flowers at the foot of Archie's bed. He stayed there gazing, until Archie made him come closer. Ken did, but only as far

as the bottom right corner of the bed where he gingerly sat on its edge.

Ken hadn't changed at all, not a bit, in the few months since they'd last seen each other. Ken was still the handsome, green-eyed boy/man Archie had met two years ago, before he got sick. His looks were still clean shaven and his eyes, bright and shining, were still wide and innocent. He had thought to wear his vest, the one Archie gave him for his twenty-fifth birthday last year. And the cuff he had given Ken when they first met, along with a promise. Archie wondered if this was the first time Ken had worn these things in months.

"So, how are ya doin', Archie?" Ken said, too brightly. He patted Archie's leg, then quickly withdrew his hand.

Archie glared at him. "What the hell did you just call me?" he asked. "Where do you get off addressing me like that?"

"Sorry," Ken said, startled by Archie's reaction. He looked down at his hands in his lap and said, very quietly, "I'm sorry, Daddy."

"That's better," Archie said. "I'm still your Poppa, boy, and don't you ever forget it."

He had deliberately used the stronger Daddy-term, one Ken had used so often in their relationship. Its effect was immediate. The sily, affected manner that Ken had brought into the room quickly fell, leaving behind the real and mixed emotions he had hidden underneath.

"I was just thinking about the time I first whacked your butt," Archie said, eyeing the boy thoughtfully. He had chosen this particular memory and the words to tell it with, with some care. In fact, Archie had been thinking it over for some time as he waited for Ken to decide to come see him.

He checked the boy's reaction to the story's first line. Ken nodded and looked away. Then he looked quickly back at Archie and brought his hand up to his eyes and rubbed them.

"Yes, Sir. I remember that night," Ken said under his hand. "It was fun."

"Fun?" Archie replied, amused. "You cried, boy. I had you wrapped up in my arms and legs and you cried like a baby while I kept slapping your behind."

Ken shook his head at his own memory of that night and played with his hands in his lap.

"I kept smacking your butt harder. You tried to get out of my hold, but you couldn't so you started to holler and curse at me to let you go."

"Well," Ken said, defensively, "it HURTS."

"It's supposed to hurt, boy," Archie said. "But after a while I did let up on you, as soon as you told me you'd be a good little boy."

"And I remember you holding me afterwards, cuddling me as you told me I was a good little boy—" Ken gulped. He brought his hands up to his face as his expression changed.

"Do you know why I made you cry that night, Ken?" Archie asked. "I did it so that you would know how to do it. I did it because, my boy, sometimes you need to cry."

Small snuffles at first. Ken's face turned dark red as the first tear slid down his cheek. He tried holding his breath.

"I'm sorry, Poppa—" he said, and the last word turned into a long, painful cry. A tidal wave of pain came out of Ken as he broke down and cried hard, letting out all the hurt and anger and pain he'd been ignoring too long. All the months of denial, all the months of the grief and the sorrow of a little boy about to lose his Daddy came out. Ken kept his hands over his face and the torrents soon became small gasps and sobs.

"I was afraid, Daddy," he said in a small voice.

Archie calmly watched his boy. "I know, Son," was all he could say.

Ken grabbed Archie's hand and held onto it tight.

They stayed that way for a while. Daddy and son holding hands on the bed. Ken used his free hand to wipe away the tear tracks down his cheeks and rub his red and burning eyes. Archie stared up at the ceiling as he waited for Ken to pull himself together.

Finally, "I couldn't take it. Sir. Not being with you. I need you."

Archie looked away from the ceiling down to his boy. "That's why I've made some arrangements for you that I want you to consider."

"Sir?" Ken looked at Archie through red, wet eyes.

Archie sighed. "I had a long talk about you with Geoffrey. You remember Uncle Geoffrey?"

Ken nodded.

"He remembers you too. And he's quite fond of you. Ken. So what I'm suggesting to you is—" Archie took a breath. "I want you to call him. He left his number for you by my phone."

It was hard for Archie to say it. Even harder when he saw Ken's incredulous reaction to it.

"I couldn't do that Daddy. Not to you."

"Geoffrey is a good man, Ken. I trust him and respect him a great deal, otherwise I would not have suggested it. I won't be here for you, Ken. I wish I could, but I can't. And your Uncle Geoffrey can. I want you to go call him. Right now."

"Now?" Ken said. "Shouldn't I wait until—" he stopped himself.

"NOW, boy," Archie said. "Right now, while I'm still... here in this room."

They sat together in silence for a while, Ken still holding onto Archie's hand, until his Daddy gave him a stern look. Ken got up from the bed and stopped.

"Will I have to call him 'Daddy'?" he asked.

Archie smiled. "Only if you want to."

Ken grabbed Archie's hand again, kissed it and whispered, "I'm never gonna call him Poppa."

"The phone, boy," Archie ordered. "Then come sit and we'll talk."

He listened to Ken dialing the phone, Archie kept his eyes on the blank, white ceiling over his head, about ready to cry himself. Halfway through the boy's training and he had to give him up. That hurt.

"Hello, Uncle Geoffrey? This is Ken."

But of all the men Archie knew, Geoffrey was the only one whom Archie could trust with an inheritance this important, this special.

"Yes, Sir, I'm with Daddy now."

Archie could only hope that Geoffrey would remember to make the boy cry every once in a while. He needed to learn how.

"You're sad," the Slave said, surprised. He had come in from somewhere with the Master's favorite cap. The brass face of a lion pinned to its brim gleamed from recent polishing. The Slave knelt before the Master and held the hat up to him.

It took the Master a while to notice the offered hat. He stared out at the white nothingness, preoccupied, until he noticed the Slave at his feet. He took the hat and absent-mindedly placed it on his head.

"Did I do the right thing for Ken?" he asked no one in particular.

The Slave, still on his knees, thought for a bit. "You did the best thing," he said.

There was one green file-folder left, tucked under the Master's arm. He pulled it out and tossed it, contents and all, into the white nothingness. Pieces of paper fluttered away as the Slave bent forward to kiss the Master's boots.

Monika woke with a start. It was as if she had kicked herself out of her own dreams. She blinked, stretched and yawned as she looked about Archie's private room, long cleared of the flowers. She had fallen asleep in the visitor's chair.

The call came from the ward nurse very early that morning, well before Monika's usual wake-up time. She simply called in sick to work, called Nale and Angelo and left a message for Geoffrey and Ken. Then she took her place at Archie's bedside.

She desperately wanted a smoke but dared not leave the room. Maybe she would go out for a quick one when the guys showed up. But like everything else in Monika's life these days, it was just one more thing to put off for a while. Monika rubbed her eyes, tired and sore from too many sleepless nights.

She moved her chair closer to Archie's bed. He stared up at the white painted ceiling wide-eyed in amazement. He seemed fixed on something beautiful and wondrous up there. He had a tiny peaceful smile on his lips as he gazed through dark-ringed eyes. The monitor by

his bed beeped slowly, telling Monika that he was, as the nurse put it, "Still With Us."

Monika took gentle hold of Archie's cold hand and realized that he wasn't.

The dream that had startled her into waking had been vivid. The smell of the dark haired man still tingled in her nose. His bag felt too real as he told her not to worry; that the Master would be very well taken care of.

The Master. Monika never once called him that. She called him Archie. Archie, but never—Monika placed, on other hand over Archie's—on his new cap. The cage. And as she stared at the frail body lying before her, Monika didn't know whether she was going to laugh at the absurd dream or cry again.

Brilliant sunlight made him blink, but he had seen the sun for quite some time, the Master was surprised to see it so huge, round and yellow in the clear blue sky. As if its rays were strong and warm on his big furry chest and belly. He held his arms out to it.

The Master stood in a garden; a thick confusion of trees, plants, flowers, shrubs, and bushes of every description. Vines tangled under his boots and the air smelled of rich, dark earth and green leaves.

A voice from behind made him turn.

"Ready?" the Slave asked. He was naked, showing off his white-skinned body, muscled and lean, as he reclined against the trunk of an ancient tree. His smooth arms were folded across his hairless chest. He smiled at the Master. "Let's go."

The Master turned to see a path emerge from the thick undergrowth. It started out from under his boots and led into a nearby stand of trees. He looked back at the Slave, who came up behind him.

"Where are we going?" the Master asked.

Monika jumped when she saw Archie looking right at her. He turned his head to face her.

"Monika," he said, with the look of someone discovering a delightful surprise. "Do you know what a hour is?"

She shook her head.

"Oh, and no more flowers, OK? There are plenty here."

Archie looked up at the ceiling one last time. Monika held his hand as the monitor beside his bed registered each remaining heartbeat.

They stopped before a wooden gate set in a high stone wall. The wood was grey with time and the gate was big enough for just one man to step through. The Master, hesitant to cross its threshold, was thinking about all the more courageous souls who'd come this way. He seriously doubted his own claim to do so now.

The Slave, having stepped aside for his Master, waited.

The Master felt puzzled. He didn't feel like a warrior come to rest, yet here he was. Weaponless, but with a full life of small battles and victories behind him. Perhaps those battles were enough to make a man a hero. But to Archie's mind, no hero had ever had as much fun as he had. He had had his rewards. Many times over.

But who was he to argue with fate if it wanted to give him one more?

"Are you going in or what?"

The Master turned to see his Slave behind him. He put his hands on his hips and glared back.

"Are you going to sass me like this all though Eternity, boy? His stern look soon turned into a sly smile.

The Slave smiled back. "Only if you want me to. May I open the gate for you, Master?"

The Master stepped to one side, pointed to the gate.

"Move your butt," he ordered and gave his Slave a playful smack on the butt before entering Paradise.

The Master wrinkled his nose and wondered if he'd ever get used to the smell of musk and spice. □



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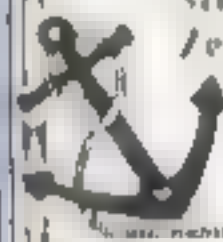
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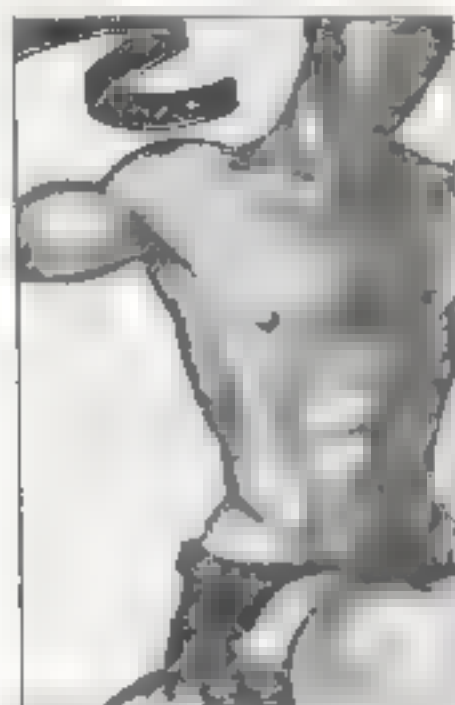
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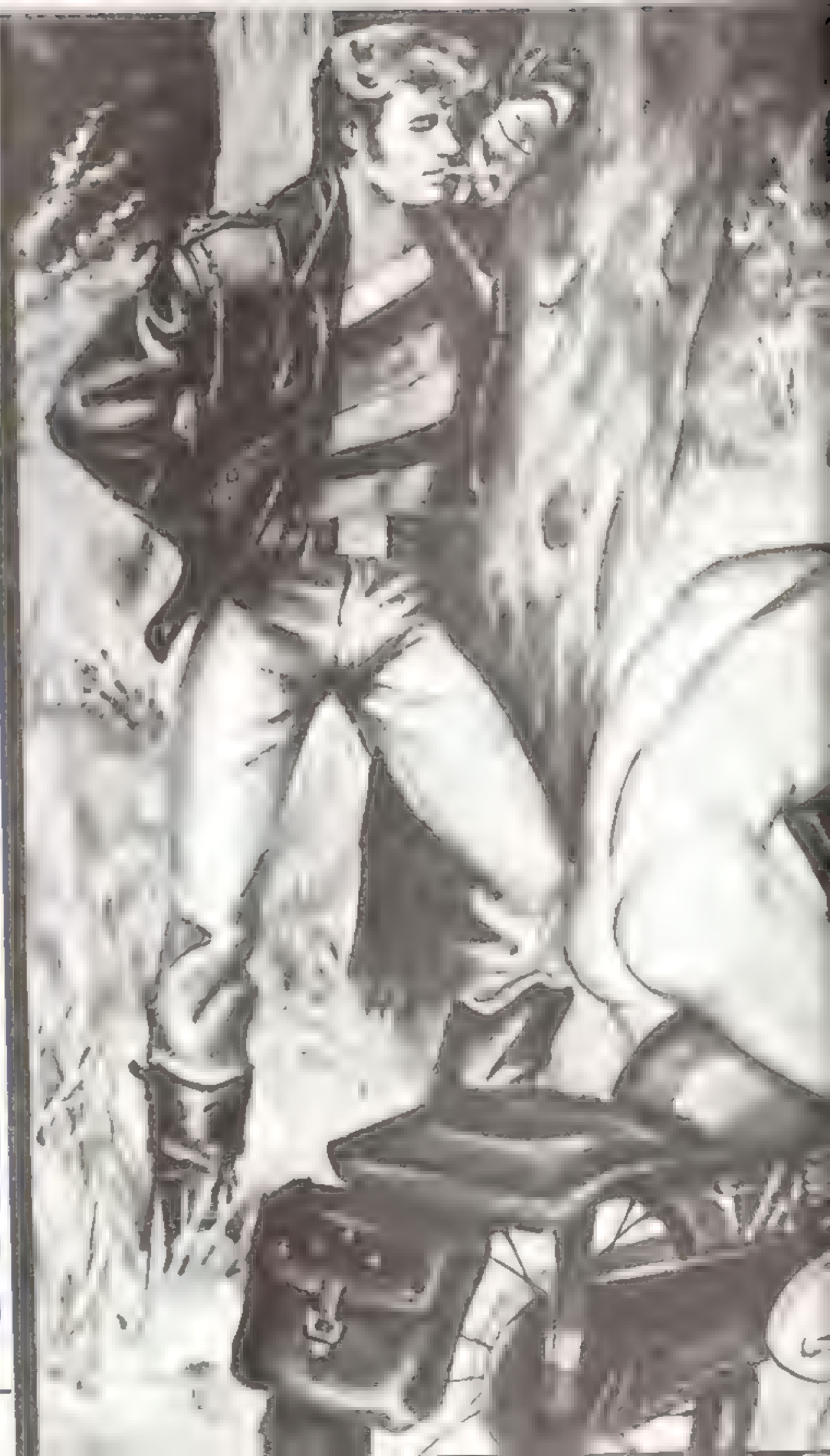
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THE DENJIM RAIDERS



A black and white photograph showing a person in a small boat, likely a fisherman, with a large fish (possibly a shark or a large cod) visible in the foreground. The person is wearing a hat and is looking towards the camera. The background shows a body of water and some distant land.

Art by Etienne

I've been riding a motorcycle since 1965, and I was a long time before I joined a club. Most of the clubs around my neck of the woods have as many chicks for members as they do guys. And in this case, it's a girl. The year 1990, I was riding a Harley-Davidson track with Duke, a cocksucker himself, and he told me about the Denim Raiders. The club recently branched out from California and

It wasn't much to join. Had to promise three months worth of keys to keep the clubhouse wet, and had to wear the insignia on the back of the uniform. I saw some of the guys in the background

first, most of them acted awkward when I'd come to the club before. They were afraid I'd see pass or they kept their distance. But time went by and they eased up, sometimes to the point where they were talking to me. But they were still shy. I'd see them looking at me, but they wouldn't come up and talk to me. I'd stop exactly at the edge of the dance floor.

The Riders planned a run to Phoenix to help celebrate the centennial of Arizona's deep south. We strapped our sleeping bags on our seats and roared out before the sun came up. Only seven of us started on the trip. We tried to ride to the end of the line, but the New Orleans police and the Oklahoma forces forced us to separate.

"Problem?" Duke asked.

We followed Mark off the road and over the ridge until we saw a clump of pines. Mark stopped his bike, spread his legs to steady himself, took a few deep breaths, and said, "How about that? Okay with you?" Mark asked. Looked fine to me, secured far from the road, in quiet, dark, green. A few feet from where we were under the trees in less than a minute.

DRUMMER 126

**"Hell,
if some
cocksucker
tied you up
and sucked you off,
it wouldn't be
your fault.
You'd still be
a man.
It wasn't your idea
to have your
dick sucked.
But you
were forced.
You were tied up
and couldn't
stop him."**

I saw some rocks back there. I'll gather some," I said, hopped off my machine and kicked the stand down. While I was finding the stones to build a barricade for the fire, Marck's image kept popping up in my mind. I think I was annoyed that me and Duke had hitched up with Marck for the night. I figured me and Duke would have one helluva raunchy jack-off session when we stopped. But Marck was one of the Raiders who teased me about swinging on his dick. And he was always ready to fight when I called his bluff.

I bundled the stones in my jacket and carried them over my shoulder, sweating on this warm night. Damn, I thought, I WOULD like to blow Marck's dick. He's one of the youngest members of the club. I think he said he was 27. He has dark brown hair and darker eyes, has a big muscular build, and he's always showing a basketful of meat.

By the time I returned to camp, Marck and Duke had parked their bikes next to mine. Duke had laid out his blanket. Marck cleared an area for the fire and brought out a warm six-pack.

We cooked some canned corned beef and beans and satisfied our hunger, for food anyway, and downed the beer. I was stretched out, bare-chested, leaning against my lovin' machine, tingering the hair around my nipples. Duke, also with his chest exposed, was laid out on his blanket gazing into the fire. Marck was sitting on his hog, wearing his white T-shirt, dungarees, boots. He loves his bike more than I do mine, if that's possible.

Seeing Duke's fine ass lighting against his denims made my dick crawl up my stomach. Shit, I wanted to whack off. I laid my hand on my cock and began plying my shit dick, knocking and rubbing it against my cock. My dungarees. Duke saw me and grinned. He

THE DENIM RAIDERS

reached a hand down to his own meat that was beginning to grow down his leg.

"Shit, I don't know why you guys gotta jack off," Marck bel-lowed out. He was straddling his machine, hands on the grips, feet on the pedals, ass in the saddle. I looked up at him. He stared down at me playing with my meat. "I get riding down the highway," Marck continued, "feeling that wind beating against my chest, the engine raging between my legs. I can't help but get a hard-on. I've shot my load more than once, without touching my cock at a hundred miles an hour."

"That's nothing new, Marck," Duke said. "Shit, I do the same thing."

"But sometimes it's mighty fine to relax on firm ground," I said, dreaming, playing with your meat. Or having somebody else play with it."

"You got it," Duke agreed, clamping down on his cock in his denims.

"Maybe," Marck said, doubtful.

"Ever had another guy jack you off?" I asked Marck.

"Don't even think about it, Jake," Marck said strongly.

"Why not?" Duke asked.

"You mean you'd let Jake jack you off?" Marck asked Duke.

"He's done it more than once," Duke said, giving me a sly wink.

"But you even let the fucker suck your dick," Marck said, sneering.

"Not yet," Duke said, stood up. The outline of his hard cock was shadowed against his leg in his denims. "I been saying that. Maybe tonight." Duke sauntered over to Marck on his machine. I perked up, wondering where this was going, pulling on my cock. "Wanna see Jake eat cock?"

"Shit, he'd never let me watch him suck you off," Marck said, rearranging his cock in his denims.

"Wanna bet," I said. I stood up next to Duke, put my hand on the lump leading down his leg. The lump jumped to my touch. I squeezed it. But Duke pushed my hand away. "Take off your dungarees," he said.

I didn't hesitate for a second. I kicked my boots off, unbuttoned my dungarees and let them fall, stepped out of them.

"Why the fuck you wearing a jock strap?" Marck asked, amazed.

"I always do," I said, grabbing my greasy pouch. "Something wrong with it?"

"No, man, shit. You got the body for it. But..." Marck trailed off. But he didn't take his eyes off me. And he gave off a funny kind of laugh.

Duke unbuttoned his 501's and spread the fly open. The patch of blond hair on his chest led down to a dick that flopped out. It was thick, cut, stiff, and pointed my way. He lowered his dungarees till his nuts lapped over the zipper. There were as hairy as his chest and a fine match for his piece.

Marck gazed down at Duke's dick and said to me, "You really gonna suck that cock?" His eyes were bright. I answered by grinning at Marck then folding my fist over the shaft that was hanging out of Duke's denims. It throbbed to my touch. I licked my chops.

"And you won't even let the fucker feel yours, huh?" Duke said to Marck, enjoying the warmth of my fist on his cock. "I'm telling you, guy, a man's hand feels goddam good wrapped around my cock, priming it up."

"No way. I won't let that cocksucker touch my dick," Marck said. But his eyes were riveted on my hands as I reached under Duke's peter and latched onto his nuts.

"Not even if I tied your hands behind your back?" Duke said to Marck, a gleam in his eye. Before Marck had a chance to protest, Duke added, "Hell, if some cocksucker tied you up and sucked you off, it wouldn't be your fault. You'd still be a man." He said this mockingly. "It wasn't your idea to have your dick sucked. But you were forced. You were tied up and couldn't stop him."

Marck was silent for a minute. I wrangled with Duke's cock and nuts, using both hands. My dick was stretching the pouch of my

jock, my nuts ached.

"No man," Marck finally said. "I'm not gonna let Jake tie me up." But his voice wasn't as forceful as his words.

Duke pulled away from me, kicked off his boots, dropped his dungarees. I removed my hand from his stiffer and grabbed my own nuts in my pouch. When Duke slipped the rope out from the loops of his dungarees, Marck quickly said, "I told you, Duke. Jake is not gonna tie my hands." His voice was strong, he meant what he said.

"You trust me, Marck?" Duke asked, calmly, standing before Marck seated on his bike, playfully dangling the rope over his own cock.

"Course I trust you," Marck said.

"Then do it," Duke told Marck. He didn't ask.

But Marck was still defiant. "But why you wanna tie my hands?"

"Turns me on," Duke said. "When Jake slaps his lips over your stiffer, and with your arms tied behind your back, a sight like that makes my nuts burn." Duke fingered his own tits. "What the fuck you afraid of?"

"I ain't afraid of nothing," Marck said. His voice betrayed him.

"No, huh? Sounds to me like you're too goddam chicken hearted to let Jake give you a blow job," Duke said, disgusted, and turned away.

"Wait," Marck said softly. Duke turned to him. I was all eyes, except for my dick, which was all steel. Marck hesitated, then placed his hands behind his back, resting them on the leather saddle. Duke stepped to him with the rope and in a snap had Marck's hands tied and bound. I noticed that the bulge in Marck's pants was heaving. He saw I was watching and turned his head.

When Duke tightened the grip on Marck's wrists, he stepped back, grinned at me, and admired the man on his machine, hands bound behind him. I moved behind Duke and put my hands under his arms, pulling his ass to me. The pouch of my jock was pressed against his bare ass when I reached down to grab hold of his pole. Duke leaned his head back and I sucked on his neck and pinched his tits.

"Getting hot, Marck?" Duke whispered between gasps as I rubbed my pouch against his asscheeks, "watching Jake ground his jock into my butt."

"Maybe I am. But I can't do nothing about it." It seemed to me that his breathing wasn't too easy either.

"What do you wanna do?" Duke asked.

"Shit, I can't do a damn thing," Marck said. "I can't even stop Jake from sucking on my dick." He lifted his hips in anticipation. There was almost a plea in his voice. My hand rambled over Duke's chest, then down, pulled at his pubic hairs.

Duke moved away from me and closer to Marck, sitting there on his machine. I kept a hand rambling over Duke's asscheeks until he tossed a leg over the seat and hopped up on the bike with Marck.

"What the fuck you doing?" Marck asked, turning his head.

"Getting comfortable," Duke said, straddling the machine standing on the back pedals. I couldn't let an opportunity like that pass me by, seeing Duke's solid ass standing over the leather seat. I ran my hand between the two mounds, tickled my fingers through the fine hairs, tapped his hole with a finger. Marck tried to turn and see what was going on behind his back.

I started to place my hand on Duke's dick, but he waved it aside. My finger tickled Duke's hole. When Duke eased his ass down, the tip of my finger slipped inside his asshole. He lowered himself and my hand left his ass, roaming up the small of his back. Duke was bare-assed and sitting behind Marck, his nuts folding into Marck's bound hands.

"Christ," Marck cursed angrily. But he didn't try to push Duke's nuts from his hands. Duke grabbed Marck by the shoulders and pressed his bare body into Marck's denimed ass. I held Duke with one arm around the waist and pressed my crotch against his strong leg, began humping him, my prick oozing in my pouch. Duke cooperated by lifting his leg and letting me ride. Duke's cock was

standing tall and wedged between Marck's back and Duke's stomach. Marck's hands continued fondling Duke's hairy nuts.

Duke's hands wandered over Marck's shoulders, down his muscled arms, under his arms, under his T-shirt and onto his chest. He squeezed each nipple with the tips of his fingers. Marck swept his head back and groaned.

"Take his T-shirt off," Duke said to me. I stopped humping and stepped aside. The pouch of my jock was splotted with wet spots of the juice that was dribbling from my dickhead. I snatched up my dungarees, grabbed my pocket knife and slit Marck's shirt down the middle. Marck had a frightened look in his eyes. I think he showed a hint of regret about letting Duke tie him up. I cut the sleeves of the white T-shirt, pulled it off Marck in pieces, and tossed it on the ground.

The palms of Duke's hands were clamped tight over each of Marck's breasts, pulling himself tight against Marck's body. "How's his dick look?" Duke asked me. His breathing had increased and his voice was harsh.

I set my eyes on Marck's crotch. An abundance of brown hair grew down his chest and into the waistband of his Levi's. "He sure the fuck doesn't wear underwear," I observed, seeing the shadow of a stiffer leading down his thigh.

"Neither do I," Duke said. His hands wandered down Marck's chest, stopping to probe into Marck's navel, his fingers pulling at the hairs, climbing down, until they hit the top button of Marck's dungarees. He snapped it open and began nibbling Marck's neck. Marck twisted his neck and moaned. I don't know if it was from the enjoyment of Duke's bite, or from trying to avoid it. There was a strange sneer on Marck's lips. I began stretching out my jock,

**"My finger
tickled Duke's
hole.**

**When Duke eased
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Duke was
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“Duke clutched Marck’s nuts from the front, then slammed his hips firmly into Marck’s bare ass and bound hands. He stayed that way, spit oozing down his chin. His cock was feeding cumjuice between their bodies, all over Marck’s ass, fists, all over Duke’s stomach.”

putting hard on my dick

“Look at this,” Duke said to me. I stepped aside while Duke loosened his grip on Marck. Marck’s fist was gripping Duke’s hard cock, squeezing it. The dickhead was dribbling with juice that was getting ready to pump out. Duke grabbed ahold of my pouch, wrestling my cock, twisting it. He slipped his fingers into my jock, clutched at my dick and pulled it out of the side of the pouch. “Nice greasy mother fucker,” Duke said, licking his lips. “Think Marck might want to wrap his lips around that fuckpole of yours?”

“What?” Marck exclaimed, perking up.

“Shut up!” Duke yelled. Marck obeyed. To me Duke said, “You look lost, boy. I got a dick in my hand, and Marck isn’t about to loosen his grip on mine. There’s only one lonely dick out here.” I reached to the front and clamped my hand down on Marck’s dick that was still buried in denim. I squeezed his tool until Marck winced. Duke was holding Marck firmly by the waist with one arm, his other hand firmly on my cock.

Using both hands, I managed to unzip Marck’s Levis. Marck watched every move my fingers were making. He had a lap full of dark hair and my hand ran over it, reaching down into Marck’s denim, clamping my fist around a cock that was pulsating. Both me and Marck watched the movement of my hand in the leg of his Levis, jacking on Marck’s dick.

“Shit, keep that up and I’m gonna shoot,” Marck begged. With that I flipped Marck’s dick out of his Levis. I whistled at its beauty. “That’s as prime a piece as your machine.”

“How’s it look?” Duke asked, standing up, his feet on the pedals. His dick was out of reach of Marck’s fist, something Marck

THE DENIM RAIDERS

obviously didn’t want. He also stood on his pedals and his roped hands grabbed ahold of not only Duke’s prick, but they gouged at his nuts. Duke dangled his hands at his side and let Marck handle his equipment.

With both Duke and Marck standing tall in the saddle, and both of them watching me, I pulled Marck’s Levis from his waist, pulled them as far down as they could go. His bare ass poked out, his nuts tall and long, his prick tall and hard. I reached between his legs to run my fingers up his asscheeks. He groaned. I grabbed ahold of his dick, bent over him and the machine and licked over the ballooning cockhead. Marck thrust his hips forward, trying to feed me his whole cock. I didn’t let him, and continued washing that head with my tongue. My hand wandered from Marck’s cheeks until his nuts fell into my palm.

I pressed my crotch against Marck’s denimed leg, feeling the material scratch into my boiling dick. I began humping fast, keeping my lips sealed over his cockhead. Duke began pumping his hips forward, clutching Marck around the waist. Marck pumped and pulled at Duke’s dick.

“Blow the motherfucker,” Duke shouted out, pumping wildly into Marck’s fist. “Blow his ass away.” He wrapped a hand around Marck, reached down and grabbed his nuts. Okay, fucker. I thought, and downed Marck’s stiffer in one gulp. Marck gasped, shouted, pumped his dick into my face. Duke plunged his hips to the rhythm of Marck’s bound fists and bare ass. I humped Marck’s leg, sucking his cock, my arm wound up his asscheeks. I eased up on the piece, then immediately plugged my mouth full again. I pushed a finger up Marck’s asshole, swallowed his fuckpole. He humped forward, his ass contracted, his dick spit a good gob of juice in my mouth. I tongued Marck’s cock, tasting the juice squirting from the cockhead. Duke clutched at Marck’s nuts from the front, then slammed his hips firmly into Marck’s bare ass and bound hands. He stayed that way, spit oozing down his chin. His cock was feeding cumjuice between their bodies, all over Marck’s ass, fists, all over Duke’s stomach.

I pounded my cock fast against Marck’s leg. He returned the pressure and my cock erupted. Savoring the last drops of Marck’s juice, I kept his cockhead in my mouth until I drained my own nuts.

It took the three of us a few minutes before we had the energy to unwind. Marck was the first to speak. “Untie my hands,” he said. Duke lifted his leg off the bike and stepped on the ground. He rubbed his cumjuice into his pubic hairs. I cradled my cock back into my cummy jock. There were wet cum stains down the leg of Marck’s Levis. Marck swung a leg daintily over the bike and stepped to the ground. His chest was wet with sweat, his dick was clean of the cum I had just swallowed. His dungarees were wrinkled at his knees.

Duke laid the three sleeping bags together. Marck said again, “Untie me.”

Duke smiled at me slyly. Marck saw the look. There was almost panic in his voice, “Hey!” Duke and me laughed, untied him.

We all three hopped into our dungarees, made up a pot of coffee. The fire burned itself out. We shot the shit for another couple of hours, under the light of the moon.

“Wasn’t so bad, was it?” Duke asked Marck. We were sitting on the blankets in a circle.

Marck grinned broadly, looked at me, asked, “Was it?” There was enthusiasm in his question. He was still riding high from the blow job I gave him.

“Tasted mighty fine to me,” I retorted.

“Make you wanna try it again, some time?” Duke asked Marck.

“I’m willing,” Marck said, then looked at me with a hunger in his eyes, and added, “But only if I get to tie Duke’s arms behind his back.”

You could have knocked me over with a flyswatter. Duke rolled over and laughed. I laughed, fell on Duke. Marck laughed, fell on us both. Before I knew it, Marck had slipped Duke’s rope from his waist and tied my hands behind my back. I stopped laughing. □



DRUM

DRUM
HAS BEEN
* DRAFFED AND
HELD BY A GANG
OF BANK ROBBERS

DRUM'S FATHER
HAS GOT ONE OF
THE GANG AND
AFTER SOME
PERSUASION...

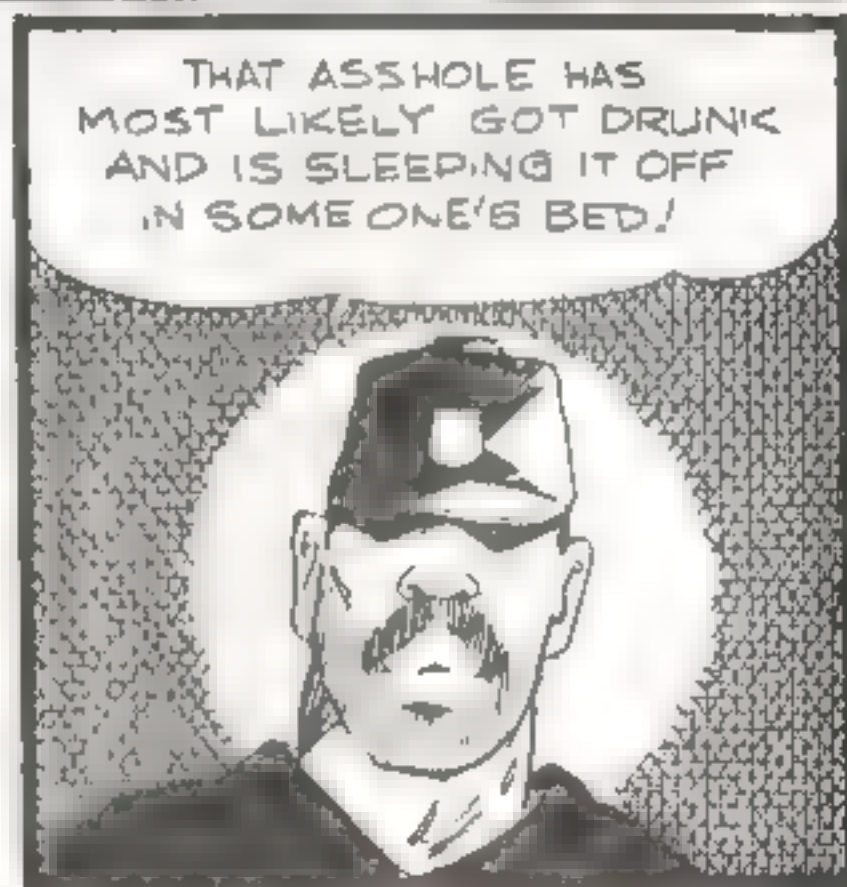
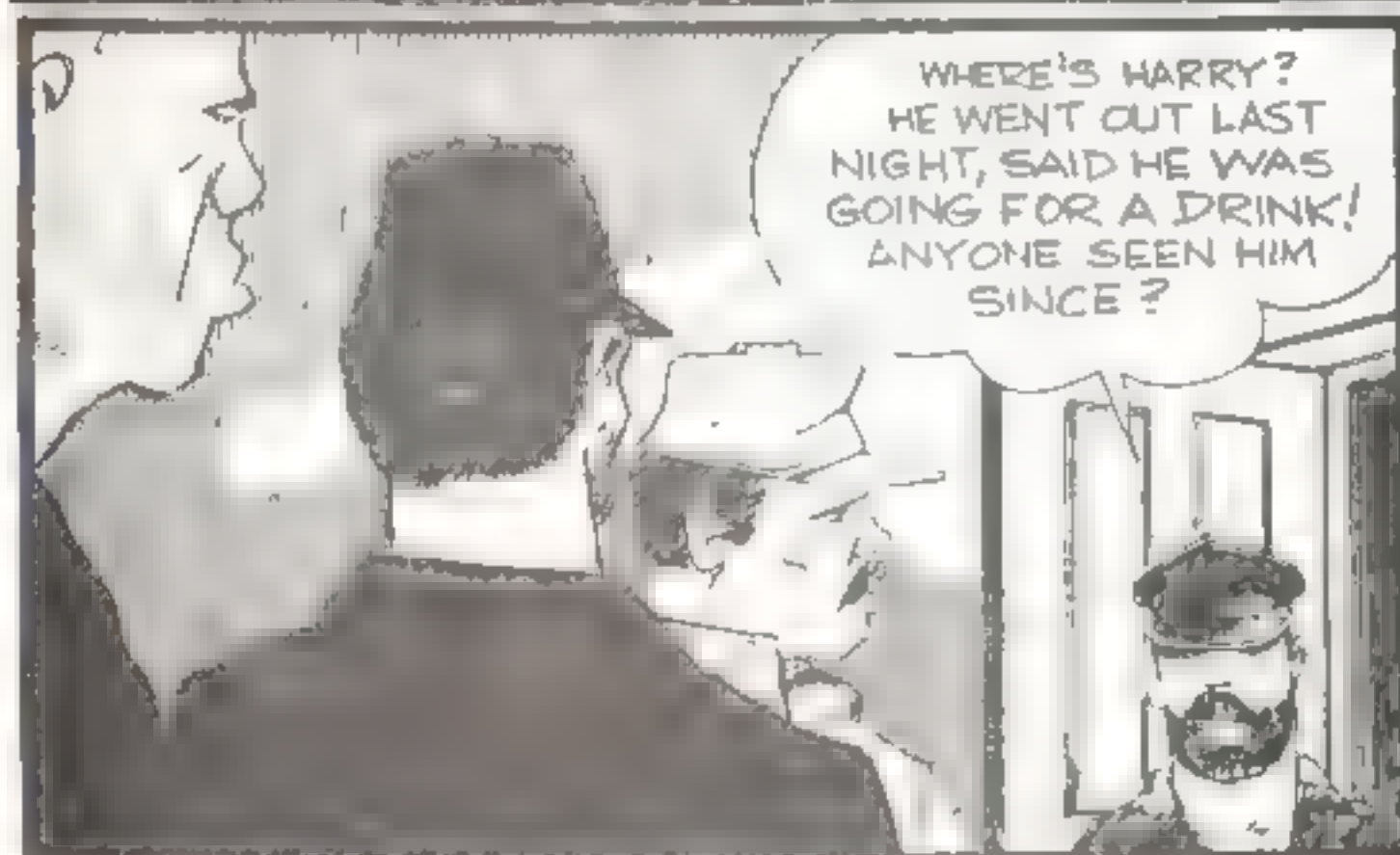
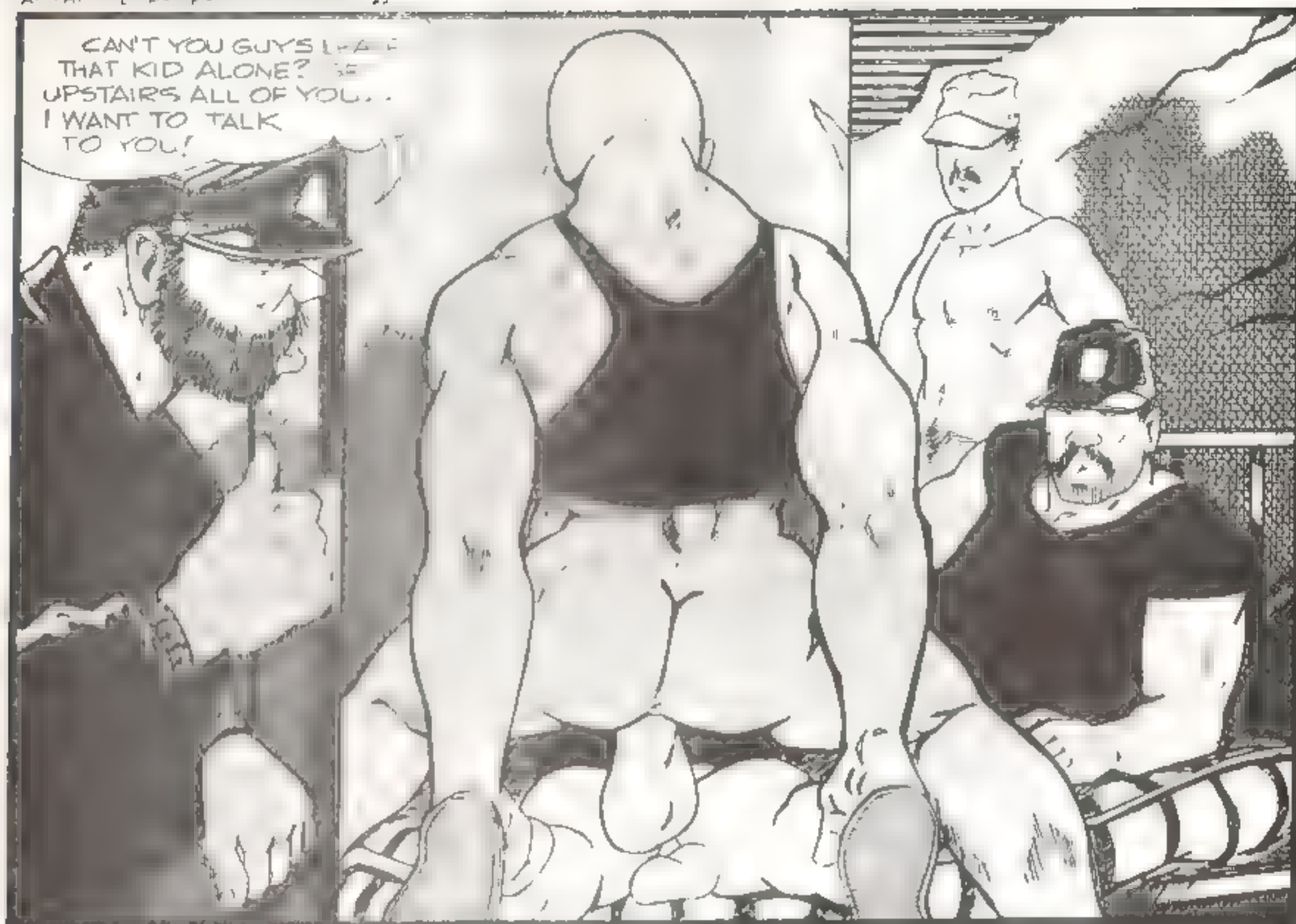
HI, TED! I'VE GOT
THE INFORMATION
I WANTED... I KNOW
WHERE THEY ARE
HOLDING
DRUM...



...CAN
YOU ROUND
UP SOME
OF OUR
GUYS?

I WANT TO
RESCUE MY SON
AND TEACH THESE
BASTARDS
A LESSON!

WELL! IT
SEEMS AS IF
I HAVE AN HOUR
OR SO TO SPARE -
SO WE'LL HAVE
A LITTLE
AMUSEMENT...



MEANWHILE

OK,
HANK ME
AND THE
GUYS ARE
READY TO
HELP!

JUST SAY WHERE
AND WHEN YOU
WANT US.

THANK
GOD, I WON'T
FORGET
THIS

UNTIL THE 7 PM

RIGHT LADS
LET'S GO

THERE'S NO REP. V
AT THAT KID'S F. HOUSE-AND I TO
STAND BY THE F. TO
AWAIT MY FINAL
INSTRUCTIONS!

GO DOWN AND CUT
THAT FUCKIN' KID'S
FALLS OFF. WE'LL
HOLD HIM TO THE
FATHER TO SHOW THE
MEAN'S SUCCESS!

LEAVE IT
TO ME,
BOSS

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD



LEATHERFEST SAN DIEGO

San Diego Leather title holders, including Ed Winant, Mr Leather San Diego '89; Korky, Ms San Diego Leather '89; Mark Klein, Mr Southern California Drummer '88-89; and Michael Pereyra, International Mr Leather '88, have joined together to organize a leather party for southernmost California with events from Thursday March 30 through Sunday April 2.

San Diego Leathermen's Annual Awards Banquet kicks thing off on Thursday. On Friday evening is a Blackout party at BULC. On Saturday night DER WOLF celebrates it's second anniversary with the second der Wolf Contest. Mark Klein was last year's winner, starting him on his road to the Mr Southern California Drummer title, his place as first runner up at the Mr Drummer Finals, and the photo spread in this issue. The festivities wind up on Sunday at THE HOLE where the event filled day will include a Leather Design Show, a Bondage Demo, a Goods and Services Auction, and a Barbecue. Proceeds will go to San Diego area AIDS groups.

Ron Zehel, Mr Drummer 1988-89, will be in attendance and many other title holders from around the nation have been invited. It could be a fun way to spend April Fool's Day!

CAMP JASON

As you may or may not know, the Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club purchased 41.3 acres of land near Fairplay, Colorado, (90 miles southwest of Denver) last summer. While the Club will reserve a few weekends this summer for its own use (June 25 through July 5), we would like to make this land available for your group for a weekend campout or retreat.

The land is located 81 miles west of US 285, and sits in a valley with a mountain on the left and another mountain on the right. Our land runs east from Park Service Land all the way to the top of the mountain (which has a gold mine on it and an old miner's cabin/hotel), west to property owners who live in Dallas, and bordered on the south by a member of the gay community of Denver.

The land has 12 eight person picnic tables, and a serving table. We hope to have a well in by the end of May. Restroom resources are primitive, but we know a place in Breckenridge that will deliver and remove 'San-O-Lets'. The Club rents storage space in Fairplay (8 miles away), which has tarpaulins, grills, etc., which can be included in any agreement for use of the land. As this is our first year at this, we aren't sure what the charge for use of the land should be. It will be set on a graduated fee basis.

"If you think your group would enjoy a week-end/week in a setting such as this, why not give us a call or write to the address below (Attn. Land Use Chairman) and describe your plans. The Club wishes to emphasize that the gay community of Colorado paid for the land. We are the trustees."

The above letter was distributed to gay organizations in Colorado and included in the RMMC's January newsletter. For further information contact the Land Use Chairman, Rocky Mountaineers MC, PO Box 2629 Denver CO 80201.

NATIONAL LEATHER ASSOCIATION

Actions taken at the business meeting following Living in Leather III last October have been overwhelmingly accepted by the membership in a mail ballot. The National Advisory Board has begun work. NLA: Seattle has changed it's name to NLA: Washington to reflect it's statewide membership and has secured a new mailing address to further differentiate it from the national organization. NLA: Portland joins NLA: BC and NLA: Washington as the third chapter under the national organization. Addresses for all four groups, the national office and the three regional chapters, are in the Clubists section of this issue of Drummer.

MENAMORE LEVI/LEATHER CLUB

Menamore LL is a new club organizing in Wilmington, North Carolina. "In December of 1988, five men, dissatisfied with the offerings of the traditional small-town Southern lifestyle, gathered to discuss the possibility of forming a Levi/Leather club. These men accepted the challenge to establish an alternative for the community. Thus far they have carried the discussion beyond mere possibility. Menamore Levi/Leather Club exists! Menamore will have its first general meeting March 4th at the Hunt Club Room at the Palladium in Wilmington, NC. Menamore is open to men and women interested in Levi/Leather lifestyle. We hereby invite you to join us! If you cannot attend this meeting, feel free to contact MENAMORE for information regarding membership or our next meeting." Write: PO Box 7364, Wilmington, NC 28402 or contact them through CROW at (919) 675-4111.

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

SM GAYS, LONDON

SM Gays correct address is: SM Gays, BM SM Gays, London WC1N 3XX, England. Though there has been an error in the address published in the Drummer Clublist they have been getting the mail (OLR post office can't get it delivered even if the address is correct!)

SM Gays has been meeting monthly on the third Wednesday of each month since mid 1981. Meetings start promptly at 8:15 PM doors open at 8 PM, in the Basement Bar at the London Lesbian and Gay Centre, 69 Cowcross Street, London EC1. The nearest tube is Farringdon. Visitors are welcome.

SigMa's NEW HOME

SigMa has a new meeting space. Beginning in January they meet at the Gay Community Center. Meetings are still held on the second Monday of each month at 8PM. The change in location gives them more control over the meeting environment.

GMSMC BENEFIT

GMSMC of Philadelphia held their first benefit on Dec. 11 at the 24 Club. The event, billed as "A Christmas Celebration of Life and Love", was a benefit for the Philadelphia Homes for People with AIDS. Persons in attendance were asked to provide a non-perishable food item in addition to the ticket price. The generosity of those friends was in evidence by the items donated. The food items were divided among the five houses which each received four bags of canned goods and three bags of gifts ranging from personal items, to linen, clothing and kitchen items. Also donated was a living room set and bedroom furniture to replace that lost in a fire at one of the houses.

In addition to the items donated, the proceeds of over \$2200 was spent on the houses and residents. Each house received cookware, dishes, humidifiers, towels and sheets. One house received a television and VCR and another received a refrigerator. Individuals received a blanket, thermal underwear, a knit cap and various personal items.

The evening was not just charity, it was also a lot of good feeling, good times and fun. Santa distributed condoms and candy canes, friends danced, drank and enjoyed a hot buffet. Raffles of items donated by area businesses, ranging from European cookies to opera tickets and dinner, delighted the 20 winners. Entertainment included the premiere of the Freedom Band (Philadelphia's Gay Marching Band). Magician Dale Varga kept everyone laughing and delighted. The voices in song came from Carter Burnett and Philadelphia's own Fred Hughes. And finally "Kaaba", the belly dancer, floored everyone when he was unveiled as a man.

At the end of the evening everyone including Mr. David Fair, Director of Philadelphia's AIDS efforts, Jim Lynd, a resident of one of the homes, family and friends formed two circles, held hands and lead by Fred Hughes sang "That's what friends are for." This one evening demonstrated that all people, gay and straight, young and old, rich and poor, really do care and love.

The above from a GMSMC news release.

NEW SM CLUB IN HOUSTON

The Brotherhood of Pain is a new club for men interested in SM that meets monthly for information, discussions on techniques, etc. and also hosts a monthly active event for members and guests. For further information they may be contacted at: PO Box 66183, Houston, TX 77266-6183.

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS M-Z

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type, not bold face, have had mail returned from the address listed; if you can provide a correction, please do so.

(S/M) indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M; (W) indicates a women's leather-S/M club; (Mixed S/M) indicates an S/M club that includes men and women; hetero-, homo- and bi-sexual; (O) indicates men's jerk-off or masturbation clubs; (F) indicates a special interest for fetish club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc.; (FN) is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster—they may or may not have periodic meetings; (FL) is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for active sessions, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside men's leather-lew-motorcycle or social clubs; (X) indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

M.A.F.I.A. (FU)
PO Box 2230
Chicago, IL 60690-2230

Meisters der Manner
c/o Dean P. Murray
704 Bon Air St.
Lakeland, FL 33805

***Menamore LLC**
PO Box 7364
Wilmington, NC 28406

Men of Dungeons (SM)
PO Box 780242
Dallas, TX 75378

Men of Leather
1268 Madison Ave.
Memphis, TN 38104

Midnight Leather Club
(M.L.C.)
PO Box 448
Penfield, NY 14526

M.L.L.A.
6204 Magnolia Lane
Lakeland, FL 33805

Motorcyclists of New Mexico
PO Box 35844
Albuquerque, NM 87176-5844

Muscle Mates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson
New York, NY 10014

National Coalition Against Censorship (O)
123 W 41st St.
New York, NY 10036

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA, National Office)**
PO Box 17436
Seattle, WA 98107-0463

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA, BC)**
1170 Bute St.
Vancouver, BC V6E-1Z6
Canada

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M) (NLA, Portland)**
2544 NW Savier, #E
Portland, OR 97210

***National Leather Association (Mixed S/M)**
(NLA, Washington)
PO Box 10674
Seattle, WA 98102

The New Tribe MC (TNT MC)
PO Box 90641
Columbia, SC 29209-0641

New World Rubber Men (FU)
c/o Bill Bailey
1602 Lincoln St.
Port Townsend, WA 98368

New York Bondage Club (FU)
PO Box 204
New York, NY 10028

New York Wrestling Club (FN)
59 West 10th St.
New York, NY 10011

Oedipus MC
PO Box 451
Hollywood, CA 90028

Oklahoma Linemen
PO Box 42391
Oklahoma City, OK 73123

O'Leather
484 Lake Park Ave., #121
Oakland, CA 94610

Omaha Meatpacers
PO Box 6474
Elmwood Station
Omaha, NE 68104

The Order of the Marquis & The Chevalier (S/M)
PO Box 50014
Novi, MI 48050-5014

The Original Leathermasters Club of Los Angeles (S/M)
PO Box 93643
Los Angeles, CA 90093

O.R.R.O.C.
PO Box 14033
Chicago, IL 60614

Outcasts (W)
PO Box 31266
San Francisco, CA 94131-0266

Pacific Coast MC
PO Box 954
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Pacific Northwest Wrestling Club (FL)
432 Dewey Place E.
Seattle, WA 98112

Panther L/L
PO Box 8118
Atlanta, GA 30306-0118

Pegasus MC
PO Box 3957
Wichita, KS 67201

Penmen
PO Box 401
Harrisburg, PA 17108

People Exchanging Power: Washington, DC (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 11160
Arlington, VA 22210-1161
301-369-7667

People Exchanging Power: Albuquerque, NM
(Mixed S/M)
PO Box 332
Edgewood, NM 87015
505/296-0111

***People Exchanging Power: Arizona (Mixed S/M)**
5821 N. 67th Ave.
Suite 103-276
Glendale, AZ 85301
602/744-3422, 648-8737

Philadelphians MC
PO Box 20720
Philadelphia, PA 19138

Philadelphia Uniform Patrol (P.U.P. FU)
c/o The Bike Stop
206 S. Quince St.
Philadelphia, PA 19107

Phoenix LL Club
c/o Greg Adams
701 NF 8th St.
Miami, FL 33138

Pittsburgh Bondage Club
PO Box 8031
Pittsburgh, PA 15206

Pittsburgh MC
c/o Gus Colella
5133 Salisbury Rd.
Verona, PA 15147

Potomac Warriors
PO Box 381
263A W. 19th St. #162
New York, NY 10011

Portland Leathermen
PO Box 06706
Portland, OR 97206

Portland Power & Trust (W)
PO Box 3781
Portland, OR 97208

Power Circle (W)
PO Box 3284
Santa Cruz, CA 95061

Prætorians
PO Box 23
New York, NY 10014

Prometheus (S/M)
PO Box 57213
Oklahoma City, OK 73157

Queen City Quardrators (X)
PO Box 22-841
Charlotte, NC 28222

Reading Railmen
PO Box 13124
Reading, PA 19601

The Recruits (W)
PO Box 725121
Berkeley, MI 48072

Regiment of the Black and Tans (FL)
PO Box 875616
Los Angeles, CA 90087-0716

***Renaissance Men**
1616 Putnam
Detroit, MI 48208

Riders MC
PO Box 519
Boston, MA 02258

River City Outlaws
2522 Avenida Prima
San Antonio, TX 78208

Rivermen
1417 Logan SE
Grand Rapids, MI 49506

Road Riders MC
PO Box 3246
Corpus Christi, TX 78404

Rochester Rams MC
PO Box 1727
Rochester, NY 14603

Rocky Mountaineers MC
PO Box 2629
Denver, CO 80201

Rodeo Riders
3516 N. Bosworth
Chicago, IL 60657

LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

MARCH

- 1-4 •3rd Cologne Rubber Night—KMC & SM Panther—Cologne
- 3-5 •Cruising Four—Mall City Cruisers—Kalamazoo, MI
- Desert Captive Run—Sernandros—Palm Springs
- 4 •Dungeon Party—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Formal Dinner/Ball—NLA—Washington—Seattle, WA
- First Meeting—Meranore Leather Lovers—Wilmington, NC
- 4-5 •5th Anniversary—C/SM Hamburg—Hamburg, West Germany
- 8 •Flogging & Whipping Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- Latex Bar Party—Illustrated Men—Houston
- Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 10 •Spanking/Flogging Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 11 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 15 •SM Games & Safer Sex—SM Gays—London
- 18 •IMSL Regional Sendoff—NLA—Washington—Seattle, WA
- Whip/Flog Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 22 •SM Erotic Art—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 23 •Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan Selby—Endup, San Francisco
- 23-26 •International Ms Leather Weekend in San Francisco
- 24-27 •Ostern 1989—CFLM—Vienna, Austria
- Easter Caroussel—MSC Berlin—Berlin
- 25 •International Ms Leather Contest—San Franciscan Hotel—San Francisco
- 30 •Awards Banquet—San Diego Leathermen—San Diego
- 31-Apr 2 •Leatherfest—San Diego

APRIL

- 1 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 2 •Rocky Horror Picture Show Party, NLA—Washington—Seattle, WA
- 10 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 12 •Shaving—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 14 •Shaving Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 15 •West Coast School of Lower Education—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 19 •New Boys Deserve the Best Teachers—SM Gays—London

- 20 •The Power of the Uniform—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- 28-30 •May Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest—NLA—Seattle
- 8-30 •National Advisory Committee Meetings—NLA—National—Seattle, WA
- 18 May 1 •Mailreiten—LC Stuttgart—Stuttgart
- •Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 30 •Shakedown Run—Rocky Mountaineers & Knights of Malta—Triangle, Denver

MAY

- 1 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 10 •S/M and the Law—GMSMA—LGCC, New York City
- Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 12 •Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—New York City
- 12-15 •Zurich International—Loge 70—Zurich
- 14 •Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—New York City
- 17 •Tops & Bottoms—SM Gays—London
- 19-21 •Sweet Sixteen—Trident International—Provincetown, MA
- 20 •IML Regional Sendoff—NLA—Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15—San Francisco
- 21st Annual Poker Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 24 •Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—LGCC, NYC
- 27 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

JUNE

- 9-11 •Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts—MC, Hartford, CT
- 5th Anniversary—Two Wheelers—Omaha, NB
- 11 •Ride Against AIDS—City Bikers—Denver
- 12 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 14 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 17 •Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 17-18 •Viking Games—SLM—Copenhagen, Denmark
- 18 •Pride Festival—NLA—Washington—Seattle, WA
- Pride Night—GMSMA—NYC
- 21 •Tits & Balls—SM Gays—London
- 24 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- Pride Party—NLA—Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24-25 •GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
- 28 •Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, New York City

JULY

- 1-4 •Golden Fleece 18—Rocky Mountaineers
Camp Jason, CO
- 8 •Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House,
Pocono Mts., PA
- 10 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
—Washington, DC
- 12 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—
Cambridge, MA
- 15 •Bondage Night—The 15—San Francisco,
CA
- 16 •Auction—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 19 •8th Birthday Party—SM Gays—London
- 22 •MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—
M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC
- 28-31 •Leather Pride Weekend—Mr /Ms
Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA: BC—
Vancouver, BC

AUGUST

- 9 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—
Cambridge, MA
- 12-15 •Mollie Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers—
Denver
- 14 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
—Washington, DC
- 19 •Spanking Night—The 15—San Francisco,
CA
- All City Picnic—NLA: Washington—Seattle,
WA
- 24 •Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 26 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

SEPTEMBER

- 11 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
—Washington, DC
- 13 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—
Cambridge, MA
- 16 •Branding—The 15—San Francisco, CA
- 23 •Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC

OCTOBER

- 6-8 •15 Anniversary—Knights d'Orleans—New
Orleans, LA
- 6-9 •Living in Leather IV—NLA—Seattle, WA
- 9 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
—Washington, DC
- 11 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—
Cambridge, MA
- 21 •Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The
15—San Francisco
- 21-22 •21st Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers
Denver
- 28 •Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA: BC—
Vancouver, BC

NOVEMBER

- 8 •Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—
Cambridge, MA
- 13 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
—Washington, DC
- 18 •Mad Doctor Party—The 15—San
Francisco, CA

December

- 11 •Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center
—Washington, DC
- 15 •Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers—
Denver
- 16 •Christmas Party—City Bikers—Denver

Saber MC of Florida, Inc.
PO Box 050367
FL Lauderdale, FL 33303

Saddleback MC
PO Box 561
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Sam Browne Society (FL)
PO Box 8293
Phoenix, AZ 85066-8293

San Andreas MC
PO Box 3945
Orange, CA 92665

San Antonio Mustangs
PO Box 12551
San Antonio, TX 77006

San Antonio Rough Riders
PO Box 551
Helotes, TX 77006

San Franciscans
PO Box 683
San Francisco, CA 94101

San Francisco Bondage Club
1800 Market St. #107 (FL)
San Francisco, CA 94102

San Francisco Jacks (DO)
2336 Market St. #0127
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Precision
Whip Drill Team (O)
2215 R Market St. #107
San Francisco, CA 94114

San Francisco Wrestling Club (FL)
172 Prentice St.
San Francisco, CA 94110

Satyricon MC
PO Box 19058
Las Vegas, NV 89132

Satyr MC
PO Box 1137
Los Angeles, CA 90078

Seattle Dungeon Guild
PO Box 21911 (S/M)
Seattle, WA 98111

Seattle Wrestling Club (FL)
432 Dewey Place East
Seattle, WA 98112

Selectmen of Detroit
PO Box 1855 Tronley Sta.
Detroit, MI 48231

Sen Magh Fairies Circle (SM)
Spirit Wind
427 Oak St.
San Francisco, CA 94102

S.F.G.D.I. Club
PO Box 42031
San Francisco, CA 94142

Shells (W)
PO Box 416
Florence Station
Northampton, MA 01060

Shrapnel of Baltimore
PO Box 13232
Baltimore, MD 21203

Sigma (S/M)
Mainly Gay men, open to all
PO Box 11050
Washington, DC 20008

Silver Spurs of Dallas
414 N. Winnetka
Dallas, TX 75208

SMALERS (X)
PO Box 99626
Pittsburgh, PA 15233

Society of Janus
(Mixed S/M)
Southern Calif. Chapter
2554 Lincoln Blvd., Ste 381
Marina del Rey, CA 90291

Society of Janus (Mixed S/M)
PO Box 6794
San Francisco, CA 94101

Somandrea (S/M)
7985 Santa Monica Blvd. #109
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Southern California Wrestling
Club (FL)
3678 Roseview Ave
Los Angeles, CA 90065

Spartan MC
458 L'Entant Plaza
PO Box 21832
Washington, DC 20026

Spearhead
113 Scadding Ave.
Toronto, Ont.
M5A 4H8 Canada

Spirit of St. Louis L-L
PO Box 32207 Souldand Sta.
St. Louis, MO 63157

Stallions
c/o The Leather Stallion
2203 St. Clair Ave
Cleveland, OH 44114

Steel Barons
PO Box 3553
Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Stilet MC
c/o Phoenix Bar
1440 San Marco Blvd
Jacksonville, FL 32207

Stingrays MC
PO Box 1643
FL Lauderdale, FL 33302

Stingrays MC
3027 Mayo St.
Hollywood, FL 33020

Sunshine Athletic Assoc.
c/o Robert Race
1401 N. Andrews Ave. #105
Wilton Manors, FL 33311

T-Bolts MC
c/o Jacques Carle
49 Bartlett Ave
Norwalk, CT 06850

Tejan MC Inc.
159 Aldrich
San Antonio, TX 78227

T.E.S./E.C.C. Bottom
(Mixed SM)
(The Esoterica Society)
The Couples Club
PO Box 37
Randolph, MA 02368

Texas Cadre
PO Box 1041
Arlington, TX 76010

Texas Conference of Clubs
PO Box 66973, Suite 1010
Houston, TX 77006

Texas MC
PO Box 57462
Dallas, TX 75207

Texas Riders Inc.
PO Box 66071
Houston, TX 77266

Theban MC
c/o Don Gibson
950 NW 7th St. Rd.
Miami, FL 33136

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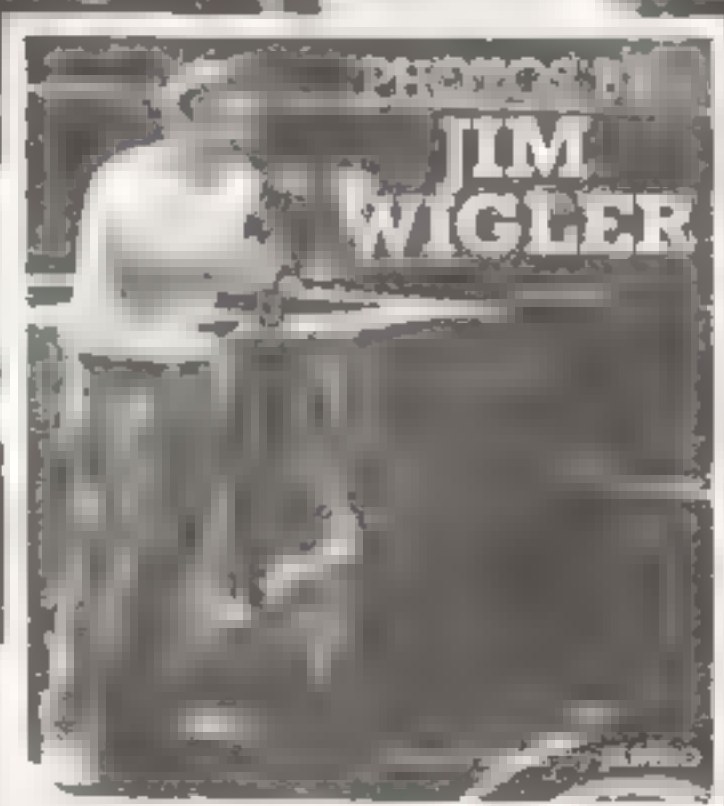
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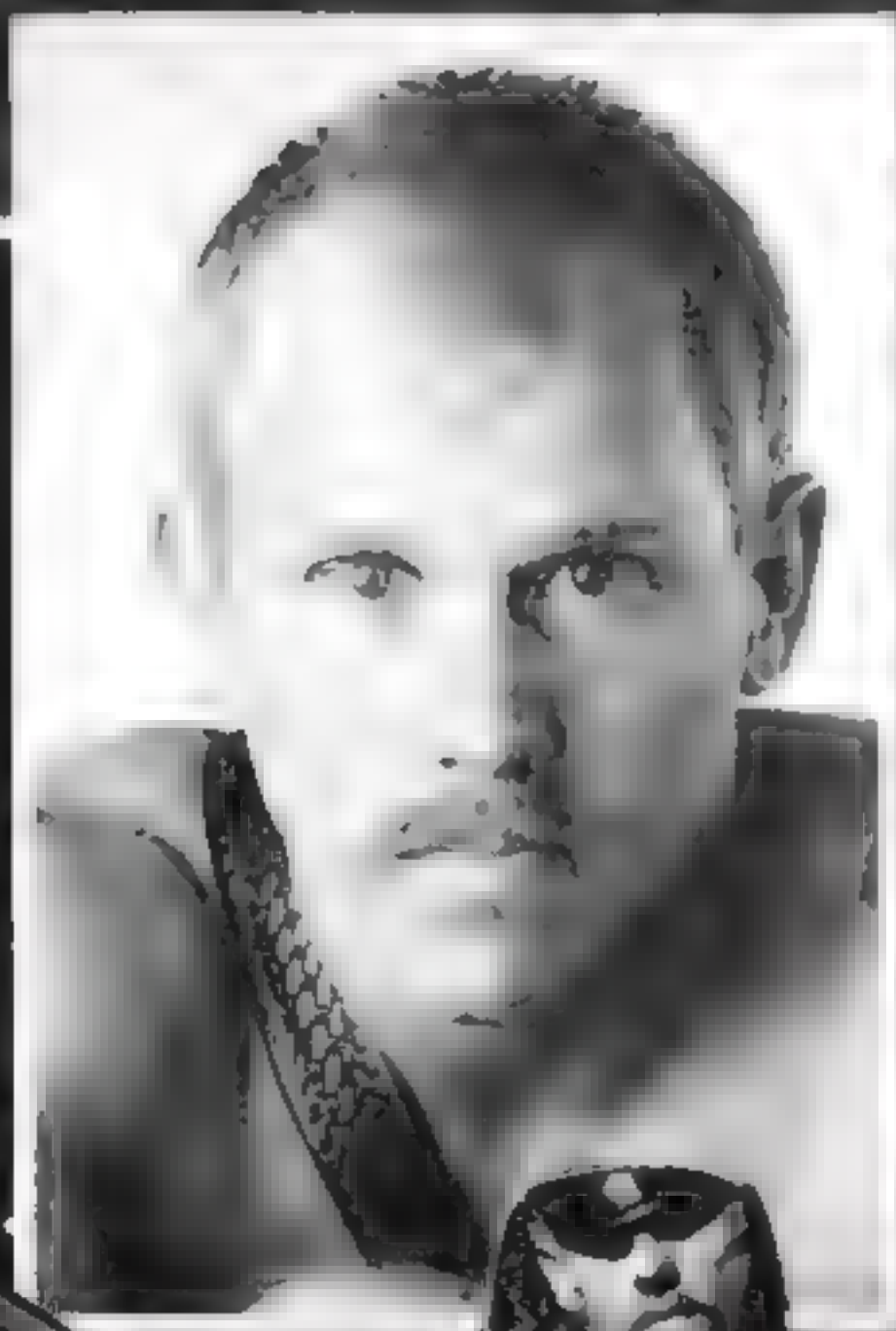
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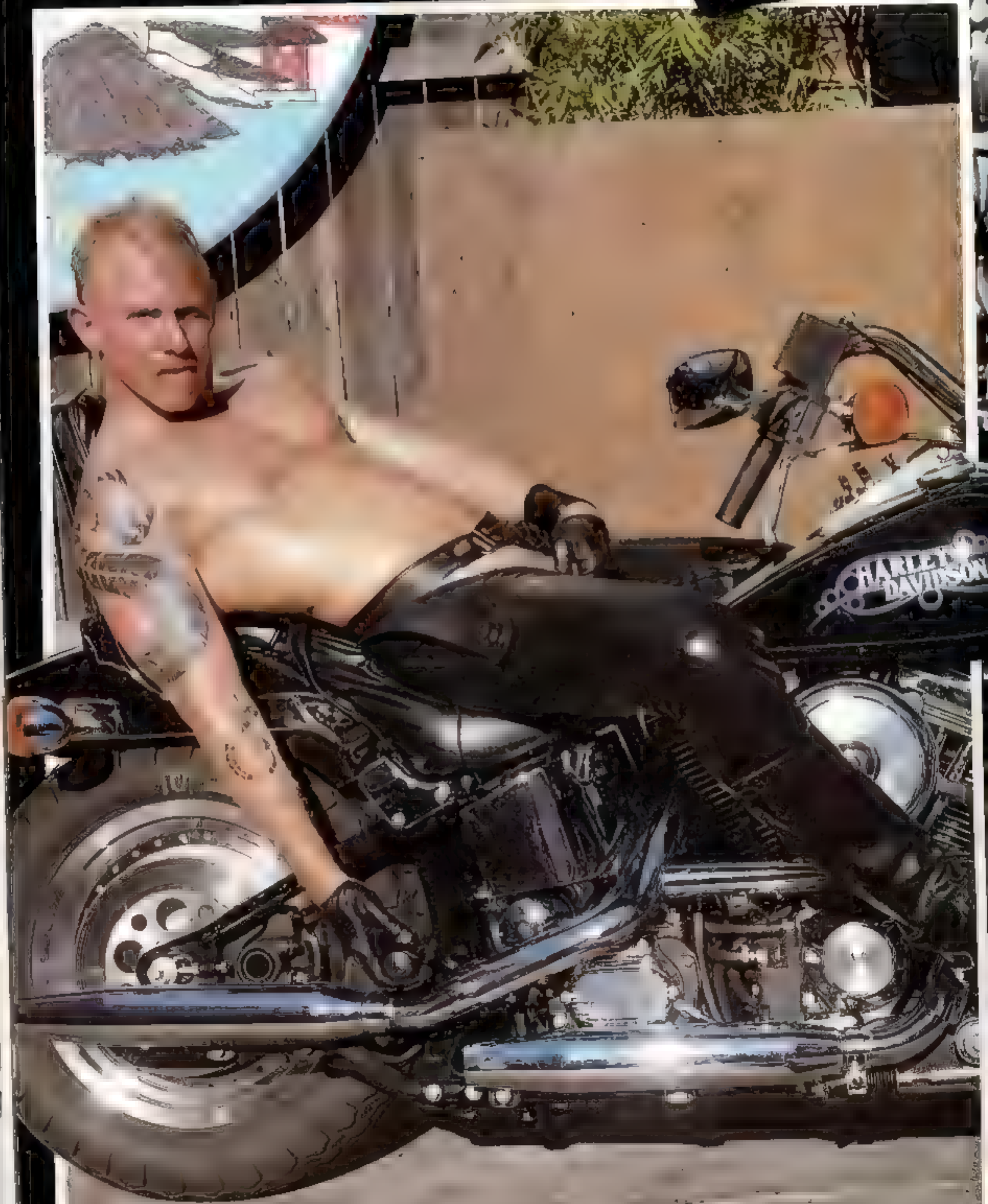


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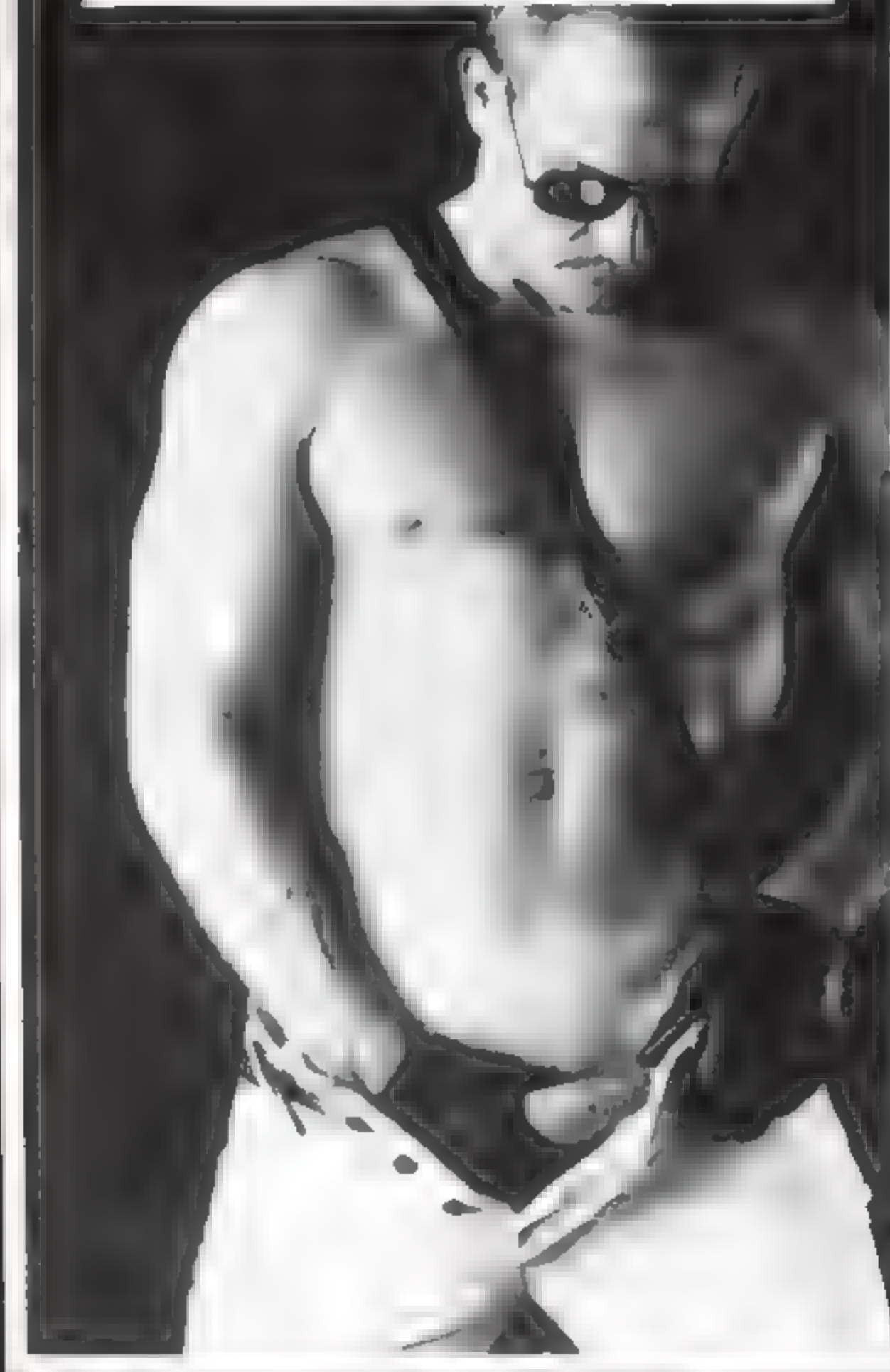
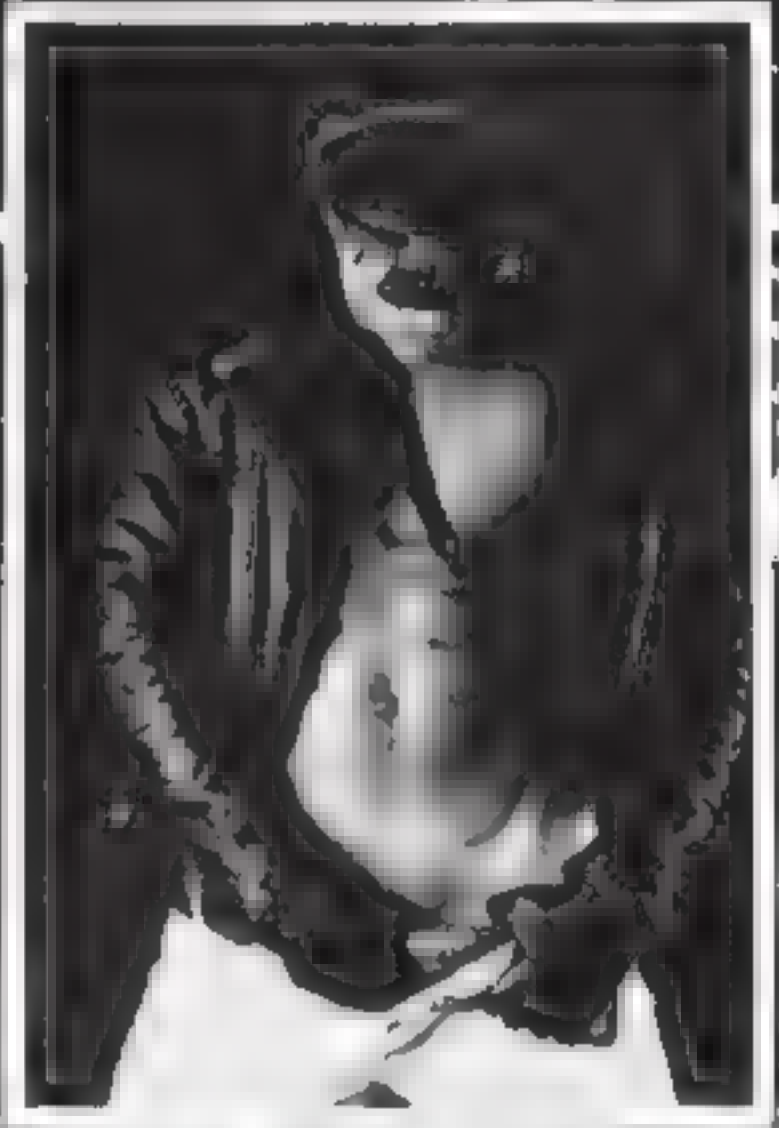
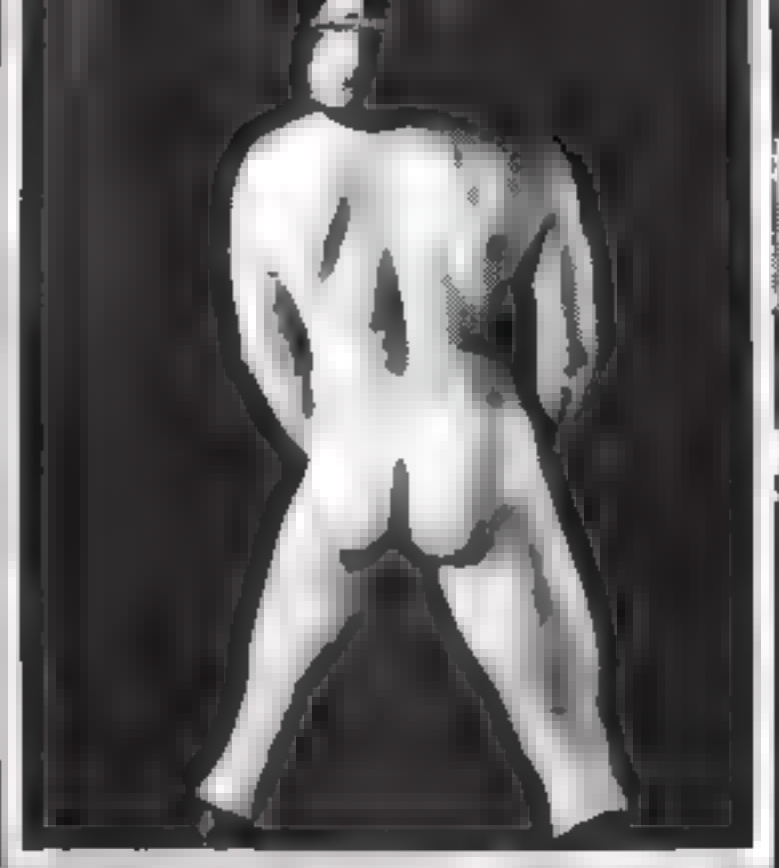
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DRUMMER 126





Roger Earl: S/M Auteur An Interview by Kevin Wolff

Film director Roger Earl made *Born to Raise Hell* with producer Terry Le Grand in the late 1970s. He doesn't recall the year. He only knows that the reputation of that movie, his first sex flick, continues to precede him to this day.

Earl has lived in the same one-bedroom apartment in West Hollywood for 22 years. He says he can't move his one bed, a formidable medieval-looking four-poster constructed for bondage, out of his bedroom. Every wall and piece of furniture in the apartment is adorned with memorabilia, photos, gay art, and assorted objects—tack room items, toys of the S/M trade, Old West collectibles.

Drummer first interviewed Earl before the preview in early 1988 of *Pictures from the Black Dance*, the first film in

"The Dungeons of Europe" trilogy, a promising project that may be the most memorable S/M project since *Born to Raise Hell*. No one could be happier about that than Earl, who has long wished that fans of that film would appreciate his more recent works, such as *Chain Reactions*, *Fade In*, *Fade Out*, *Men of the Midway*, and *Cayracula*, on their own strengths, and not as possible contenders for the *Born to Raise Hell* 2 crown.

Earl shot footage for "Dungeons of Europe" in England, Holland, and West Germany during the summer of 1987, again with Producer Terry Le Grand, his partner on numerous movies since *Born to Raise Hell*.

Now, *Pictures from the Black Dance*, which contains some of the hottest S/M footage ever released in the U.S., is about to be joined by the second entry in the trilogy, *Like Moths to a Flame*. Earl expects to release the third film, *Men with No Name*, in mid 1989.

Drummer: Can you explain how you came up with the ideas for "The Dungeons of Europe," why you wanted to do the trilogy now, and how you went about writing it?

Roger Earl: First of all, it's really not a written film. I worked with men who are into the scene one hundred percent and told them I wanted to shoot them at their best.

I look at a lot of porno films. My taste, of course, is toward the S/M type. But



"I worked with men who are into the scene one hundred percent."

Above: Chain Reactions, 1984
Right: Pictures From The Black Dance, 1988
Left: Men With No Name, Part Three of "Dungeons of Europe", coming in 1989



DRUMMER 126

13

there really hasn't been anything out on the market that thrilled the hell out of me.

That's why I wanted to do this personally. I hope to feel this will encourage other people to do some good S.M. films, because after I've shot, looked at and edited them over and over and over, my films are not quite as exciting to me as something fresh that I've not had to look at a thousand times.

Drummer: Why did you film "Dungeons" in Europe?

Roger Earl: Mainly because nobody had done this, and I'd read so much about Europe in *Drummer* and in some of the magazines I'd gotten through Larry Townsend from Europe. You know, I looked like a pretty good scene over there.

Drummer: How long ago did you start work on this?

Roger Earl: Around July '87. That's when I started shooting it. Working on it? What'd we spend two weeks before we went over there? Just phone calls mainly.

It wasn't written. We didn't know what we were getting into, what kind of locations we'd have, if we'd even get people. We went over there really on speculation, not even knowing if we'd be able to make this thing work.

But we met some of the most wonderful people. It was a super experience for all of us. Hard work! We worked for a solid month on this thing. There weren't days to go sightseeing or anything else. In Amsterdam, I think we saw every whorehouse. But I mean as far as going down the canals and stuff, we never had the time.

Drummer: Any interesting anecdotes about making the films?

Roger Earl: There's the one about the Dutch kid answering the phone and then putting the wife on, and then the wife sending him down to the shoot. I mean, to me that's kind of interesting.

Drummer: That's the Dutch?

Roger Earl: Yeah, I thought it was kind of wonderful. She sends her old man down to get his ass kicked and to suck dick. Terrific!

Amsterdam is different. I shot a scene for *Men With No Name*, where we roughed up a kid in the street. The local guys we worked with said, "Go ahead. You can tie him up, you can kick the shit out of him right on the street. Nobody's going to say anything to you, it's fine in Amsterdam..." That was the attitude we got from everybody we talked to, "Just do it..."

I'd seen a home film that some guy shot there right in front of Amsterdam's Central Station with crowds of people, and they took this guy and beat the shit out of him and all this crap right in front



of Central Station. It was a hoot. It was wonderful. I loved it. He says, 'Hey, you can get away with anything here. This is not the United States.'

Drummer: What about with your group from the first film? Any anecdotes about finding these people?

Roger Earl: It all developed from starting to talk to Bryan Derbyshire, of *HIM Magazine*. Larry Townsend had put us in touch with most of these people. That's why we say we're so grateful in *Pictures from the Black Dance*, and without the list of people you see credited at the end, it would have been impossible to have shot this film.

Some of the guys that were in the film work for Maurice Stewart, of *Fetters*, building this equipment and stuff. Expectations—they were very cooperative with us, and Kiernan Stevens of *Expectations* is in the film.

They'd been approached by other people to do films. . . . They had all said to us that everybody wants to do something, and they waste their time, and nothing happens. Or else, when it does happen, it's all bullshit, because they're not really into S/M.

Drummer: That seems to be a problem with most of the films that tout themselves as S/M films. They have a lot of pretty people and equipment.

Roger Earl: . . . And they don't do anything, and it's not used properly. That's why I said I want people that are into the scene. Mr. Sebastian, in *Like Moths to a Flame*, is one of the most famous, fiercest, and piercing people in the world. At the end of *Pictures from the Black Dance*, you can see one piercing scene from *Like Moths to a Flame* that's just a quick trailer. In the film, it's a total piercing scene—the tits, the arthra, a, the way up. There's eight piercings through the belly button, etc.

Plus he throws the kid over on his belly and tattoos his ass! And this is a film, one scene that I shot it about three hours, one nice Sunday afternoon in London.

We shot the whole thing in Mr. Sebastian's studio, because he insisted. See, I wanted to shoot it somewhere else, in kind of a scene thing, but he said, 'In my studio I know there can never be an infection, and for sanitary reasons I will not do this outside of the studio.' The minute he told me that, I said, 'There's no more discussion. You're absolutely right.'

Drummer: You make an important point about S/M being safe sex at the beginning of *Pictures from the Black Dance*. But a couple of people in that film are going down on dicks that are not protected with condoms.

Roger Earl: I personally do not see that as unsafe sex. In my own mind,



"This is their thing, and they have every right in the world to do what they enjoy."

Above: *Like Moths to a Flame*, 1988
 Right: *Men With No Name*, 1989
 Left: the one and only *Born To Raise Hell*, 1972



write that preface as what I think. I mean you know, everybody has their own opinion, and I can show you magazine after magazine that this doctor says this is all right. Everybody has their own opinion. I feel that unsafe sex is definitely fucking without a rubber.

Drummer: If you were to do another S/M film would you do it scripted or unscripted?

Roger Earl: I'm doing another non S/M film shortly. I've got quite a background on doing porno films. Non S/M films are always scripted. . . S/M porno films are unscripted for me. . . You can do a tight script, but I prefer to do segment things and just let guys do their own thing without me telling them you're playing a part 'cause I think once I give them a character and have them play a part and all this, it takes away from their real self. I think that's more important in an S&M type thing, just my own attitude.

I always suggest this and that or something else that might make it a little more exciting. I do make suggestions along the way, because visually I know. I have been in the S/M scene quite awhile, and certainly have some ideas for this and that.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe I should try scripting an S/M film sometime. I feel I get more out of people by not doing it. I guess I'm selfish. I do what I want to see.

Drummer: Do you think a film like this could be made in the U.S. right now?

Roger Earl: I'd do it, if I had the people. I don't know. Maybe I've been lucky. I don't know why I'm not afraid but I'm not. I know exactly why I'm not afraid. Because I don't feel I'm doing anything wrong. My attitude is, hey, there are people who are into this. This is what they like. This is what they're gonna do, regardless of what anybody says. This is their thing, and they have every right in the world to do what they enjoy.

I'm not asking anyone to look at this film that doesn't want to see it, I mean we're charging a good price for it, and if you don't want to pay that price, save your money. Don't watch it, if you don't want to.

I think the people that are really into this and enjoy it are the ones that are going to pay the price. That's the point I'm trying to make. So therefore, why deny these people? I'm one of those people. I buy this stuff. I spend a fortune on porno. I could probably be a wealthy man with a beautiful home, but I'm happy. I do what I want, and that's why I don't have any fear because I don't in my mind think I'm doing anything wrong. If I did I wouldn't do it. I guarantee I wouldn't do it. □

Guy Baldwin, M.S. TIES THAT BIND

For a long time now, I have heard the controversy come up in conversations. "Who is in control of a scene, the Top or the bottom?" I assume that this question is important because folks wonder if they are "doing it right", or if their partner is "doing it right". I have finally realized that there are five answers to this question: in some scenes, it's the Top, in others it's the bottom, in others it's both, in others it is neither, and in yet others, the control passes back and forth. Let me explain.

In scenes between very dominant Tops and very submissive bottoms, the balance of power is most often tipped in favor of the Top. But some kinds of Tops are very submissive (I know several very passive sadists, for example), and they prefer to play with rather dominant bottoms—in these scenes, the balance of power is most often tipped in favor of the bottom, and everybody seems happy.

In scenes between sadist and masochist, where neither is dominant or submissive, both may share in the control of the scene about equally, and that is usually satisfactory. In other sorts of scenes, especially including some where drug use is a prominent feature, it seems as though neither player is in charge (maybe the drugs are in charge—spooky to contemplate!). In scenes between men who switch back and forth, the control element in the scene may pass back and forth between the players comfortably.

This is worth mentioning here because the power configurations in a scene can often determine the communication style that works for the players. For example, some bottoms like to take a strong role in the direction of a scene.

Those bottoms who are into penetration scenes (especially fisting, but also catheters, dildoes, piercing and some whipping play and fucking, too!) may often feel that taking a strong role is the only way they can really protect themselves from the possibility of viral contamination or injury.

They will have a better time if they choose Tops who like to be taught or who are rather passive with their sadism—such Tops exist and prefer bottoms who send very clear signals about their needs.

WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW, ANYWAY?



"Consistency is the last refuge of the unimaginative."—Oscar Wilde

These Tops are relieved at not having to make up a scene for the bottom to enjoy—the Top doesn't have to risk the rejection that He feels goes with trying something the bottom might not like. On the other hand, submissive bottoms get frustrated with passive Tops who don't seem to want to take charge of a scene—these bottoms will do better to spend their time with dominant Tops who will be more than happy to take charge of a scene.

Dominant Tops complain long and loud about "pushy" bottoms, because these

Tops often feel ripped off when dealing with this sort of bottom. I have come to believe that this complaining is the result either when a bottom has misled a Top during their initial come-on to each other or the Top thought he could break a pushy bottom into a submissive one and failed.

There is a place in this world for "pushy" type bottoms just as there is a place in this world for passive Tops. The time spent by dominant Tops complaining about "pushy" bottoms would be better spent in looking for a quality submissive instead.

I do not mean to suggest that Tops only have one style for all occasions—they don't, and neither do bottoms. How we are going to approach our counterparts is often determined by what mood we are in at the time. In the vast majority of us there are several very different kinds of Tops, and several different sorts of bottom too. Just stop to think about how many different ways you, yourself have played—at all levels of satisfaction, and you will see my point.

For example, a bottom may be more assertive if he is out looking for some sort of more risky penetration scene, whereas he may be much more submissive if he's seeking the need to serve as a boot slave for the evening.

Likewise, a Top may be out looking for his favorite scene at which he is very accomplished and confident; he might approach a bottom in a very dominant way. At other times, the same guy might want to learn about something new, like electricity for example, and go for the bottom who can step him through the scene wire by wire so to speak. In short, there may be many different, comfortable ways for a Top to be a Top—same for bottoms.

Every day is a new day, and we can get into trouble when we expect ourselves to be the same person in the bar this weekend as we were last weekend. In the same way, it is unwise to assume that just because we observe someone in an aggressive style one week that He is going to be that way next week also. Maybe Mother was right when she suggested that I try to take people at face value.

The issue of "who is in control" is much less important than the issue of "are you getting your needs met in the scene." This has to be the bottom line or else, what's the point? Play well. □

Three Bikers



Photos
By
John P.
Kenny

Set-up
By
David
Weinbaum

Every day my man puts his sweet ass
in the saddle of his bike and rides
to work and to the gym. When I'm
lucky, he lets me ride behind. I
sit as close as I can, putting my
hand right up against his ass
and feet. I reach around and
with my gloved hands
under his balls.









...line-up, bring
...get out the
...of us can

men. Yeah, the three
of us would get
along just
fine.

Bruce Marcus ROUGH STUFF

The Crispo Case, Consent, and S/M Reality

In mid-October, a New York jury acquitted art dealer Andrew Crispo of charges arising from what the media described as "a sadomasochistic kidnapping." Crispo stood accused of kidnapping, unlawfully imprisoning, and forcibly sodomizing a young gay Canadian, Mark Leslie, back in 1984.

Crispo had achieved notoriety several years ago when he was implicated (but never charged) in the 1985 murder of a 26-year-old Norwegian fashion student, Eigil Vesti. Vesti's corpse, clad only in a black leather hood, was discovered in an abandoned smokehouse on wooded property in upstate New York. According to testimony by Bernard LeGeros, convicted of the murder, Vesti was shot to death on Crispo's orders after the youth was abused and tortured. Both trials were the subjects of sensational media accounts of Crispo's sexual activities. He allegedly frequented NY's Hellfire club and is reported to have made random calls to public phones near the Minershaft and other Village locations, offering drugs and "rough sex" parties to whomever answered.

A report published shortly before the latest trial began featured several allegations of violence by Crispo, including at least one incident reported to the NY Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project. There is no single message coming out of this recent trial. For one thing, the issues in the case were not very clearly posed.

Although Leslie testified he had not consented to the brutal whipping he received, he admitted to having had dinner with Crispo after the incident occurred. The degree of consent at the time of the encounter is difficult to establish.

The jury apparently accepted the defense's argument that Leslie had willingly consented to the initial scene and everything else that transpired that evening.

You could argue, therefore, that the acquittal reaffirms the right of adults to engage in any behavior they mutually choose. But I'm not that encouraged; I'm not convinced that this is the case. The backwards notion that anyone who participates in S/M activity gets exactly what he deserves obviously played a substantial part in the jury's decision.

And Crispo is well-connected, how much influence was brought to bear on his behalf will never be known.

Of course, it's true that overt hostility to S/M on the part of prosecutors and police has led to several cases where one night's consensual play has been reinterpreted the next day as kidnapping and assault. In at least one recent incident, hospital personnel providing first aid threatened assault charges in what was clearly a consensual situation.

It's easy for us to dismiss Crispo and Company—after all, the activities he's been charged with have nothing to do with those of us in the organized S/M community. We practice Safe, Sane, Consensual S/M. But before we retire, self-assured there's nothing for us to learn here, it's worth taking a closer look at what consensuality means.

Even within our own community there have been incidents where the degree of consent has been called into question.

Some months ago, a GMSMA member complained to several people about a scene that had gone wrong. Among other things, he said that he had been held in bondage, against his will and long beyond the duration of the encounter he had bargained for. A little investigation revealed that this had not been his first time with this particular top. And when contacted, the top maintained that all that had happened was just a misunderstanding.

The safe and sane aspects of our play weren't an issue here, unlike the Crispo cases where they predominated. But safe and sane, while prerequisites, aren't enough. The degree to which the bottom had genuinely consented was obviously involved.

Is consent a one-shot bargain? Once you've consented to a scene, have you given up all your rights? And what about surrendering to another man, a turn-on for many of us, how does this relate to consent?

Our particular sexual activities demand a degree of technical expertise and substantial concentration to keep them safe, effective, and rewarding. Thus, we work at mastering the acts—the techniques of S/M, bondage, etc. But we also have to work at the relationships we form with the people

with whom we play. This is true whether the relationship is for one night or for a lifetime. Consent—even when surrendering—cannot be a one-shot bargain. It is a continual process. We can fantasize about complete surrender and abandonment of responsibility (if we're on the bottom) or about total control (if on top). But in the real world, both participants must take responsibility for the scene and for themselves.

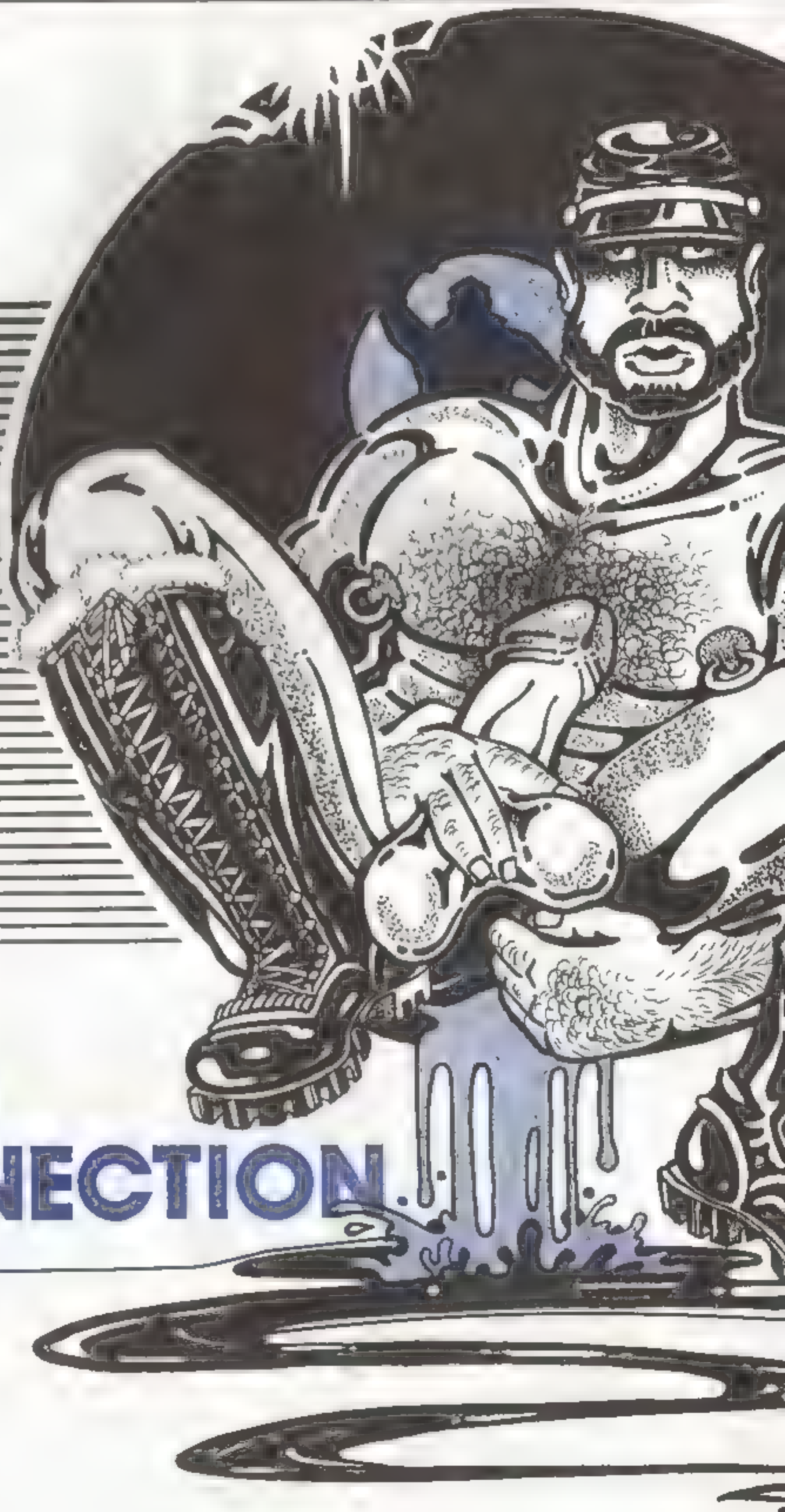
If you're on top, learn to recognizing the difference between the plea for mercy—which often means, "I want to try a little more, sir, please") and the genuine statement that a limit has been exceeded which usually means the end of the scene. And figure out how to help your bottom better communicate with you, both verbally and nonverbally.

Bottoms can learn how to communicate their honest feelings, not canned responses from bad pornography. Far too often, a bottom's silence is taken as assent. Martyrs may get points for silent suffering, but partners in a sexually intimate encounter usually don't.

Consent is also a factor in a top's own participation. Just because your partner begs for more—either more of the same or something more intense—doesn't mean you have to deliver. Tops have limits, too—these deserve the same degree of respect as do the limits of a bottom.

It may make us uncomfortable to deal with the Crispo case or other highly publicized incidents the media intentionally mixes up with our sexuality. But antigay violence is on the rise and so is antigay discrimination. Even in the broader gay and lesbian community there is considerable uncertainty about what we do and how it differs from violence. In order to clearly answer our critics, we need to better understand ourselves.

(The preceding is based on an article that appeared in NewsLink, the quarterly magazine published by GMSMA (Gay Male S/M Activists), 132 W. 24th St., NY, NY 10011. Bruce Marcus is a member of the GMSMA Board of Directors and an associate member of the Chicago Hellfire Club.)



THE UTAH CONNECTION.



IT STARTED INNOCENTLY ENOUGH

My boyfriend, Pete, was working late a lot of the time, setting up a new mainframe or something at the bank (I won't pretend I understand what he was doing.) He had his own key to my apartment, though, and if he wasn't too tired when he got off work, he'd stop by and maybe spend the night. But mostly I didn't see much of him during the week and got lonely. And horny.

Pete and I had the same understanding about tricking back then that we have today: it's okay as long as it's safe and doesn't keep us from being with each other. The old days of crowded bathhouses were already over by this time, and cruising on week nights was always a drag for me, so if I wanted some action I'd either do a hot j.o. club or call the sex ine.

I had a little ritual for j.o. calls. I phoned Pete at his office to say hello (and, yes, to check up on him,) then took off my clothes, laid back on my bed with a jar of lube and dialed

Which is what happened the night it started

"Hello?"

The voice crackled, long distance

"Hi."

"Where are you calling from?"

asked the voice.

"San Francisco. Where are you?" I thought he might be up at the River or down in Santa Cruz—somewhere not so far away.

"Uiah."

"Do you always call long distance

to jerk-off?"

"Yes, Sir."

I heard my cue "Sir"

"You a cocksucker?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Want to suck my fat dick, cock-sucker?"

"Yes, Sir!" His voice was urgent now.

"What are you wearing?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothing—WHAT?"

"Nothin', Sir!"

"You're a fuckup, aren't you, cock-sucker?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What are you good at, cock-sucker?"

"Sucking cock, Sir."

"Then get down on your fucking knees and swing on my nob, boy. Get down and suck that eight inch dick. Come on, suck it. SUCK IT!"

"Yes, Sir. I'm sucking dick, Sir. Sucking your big eight inch dick, Sir."

"Feel it? Feel my fat dick ramming down your throat? FEEL IT?"

"Yes, Sir. Your big dick is choking me, Sir."

"Too fucking bad, cocksucker."

My fist was running up and down my dick. I began panting hard.

"Are you cumming, Sir?"

"Yeah! I'm cumming. Gonna cum in your mouth, gonna give you my load, gonna feed you my cum, gonna fill you up with—Ahhhhh!"

I splattered all over myself, covering my stomach and chest with my jizz. My body relaxed. I felt great.

"You still there?"

"Yeah."

"You cum?"

"No."

"What's that?"

"No, Sir."

I should slap that ass."

"YES, SIR!" His enthusiasm doubled. "Whip that ass good," I said. "Take off my belt and whip that ass bright red—"

"Yes, Sir!"

Story
by
**David
May**

Art
by
Otis

"But Pete still had a gleam in his eye. He pulled out of me, rolled me on my stomach, and shoved his cock

THE UTAH CONNECTION

"Whip it black and blue "
"Yes, Sir"
"Whip it black and blue, fucker.
Whip your ass 'till it's bleeding, and then—"
"Yes, Sir?"
"Fuck it long and hard. Fuck it 'till you taste my cum coming up your throat."
"Yes, Sir!"
He was panting hard.
"Your dick hard, cocksucker?"
"Yes, Sir."
"You dig getting your ass whipped and fucked?"
"Yes, Sir!"
"Fucking pervert!"
"Yes, S—oooooh."
"I didn't HEAR you."
"Yes, Sir," he said meekly.
"You cum?"
"And how. Hey, what's your name?"
"Joe."
"I'm Chip."
"Hi, Chip."
Just like the old days, I thought, introducing ourselves after sex.
"Can I call some time, Joe? Direct I mean."
"Sure." I gave him my number.
"All right," he said. "Talk to you later."
Bye Joe.
Bye.
Shit, I thought after I'd hung up. What if he calls while Pete's here?
After a while I got hot again and started to jerk off a second time. My cock was rock hard and reaching up to heaven when Pete walked in. He saw the condition I was in, took off his clothes, slipped a rubber over my hard-on, and sat on it.
"Baby, you make me feel so good," he whispered as my dick filled up his hole.
That started a wrestling match, my cock still inside of him. When we were through, Pete's cum was drying with the sweat covering our chests and torsos, matting our body hair. (Pete and I are both pretty hairy.) My cock was

limp. The slimy, cum-filled rubber clung to my dick.
"I can't leave you alone anymore. Jony. That big dick of yours almost went to waste. If I hadn't come home in the nick of time—"
I started to tickle him, he licked back and we laughed so hard we fell off the bed with a thud that woke my downstairs neighbors.
Then I forgot about Chip until he called a week later.
"Sir? It's me, Chip. In Salt Lake."
"Omigod, I thought."
"Yeah?"
"Yeah. I mean, yes, SIR!"
I undid my pants, laid back and pulled out a jar of lube from under the bed. I was already half-hard.
"What do you look like, Chip?"
"I'm five ten. A hundred sixty pounds. I work out. I look okay."
"Your hair, Chip, what color is it?"
"Brown. Brown eyes, too."
"Beard? Moustache? Are you hairy?"
"Got a moustache. Not real hairy. You?"
"About your size, except I'm dark. Receding hairline. VERY hairy. Just shaved off my beard, but I'll probably grow it back. Eight inches."
"Eight, Sir?"
"Eight, Chip. Eight long fat inches of man meat. Sound like something you want, Chip?"
"Yes, Sir."
"How badly do you want it?"
"Real bad, Sir. I really need your fat dick, Sir. Please Sir."
"Beg for it."
"Yes, Sir, I—"
"On your knees, cocksucker."
"Yes, Sir."
I could hear him move his body. I had a sudden inspiration. My cock was already swelling in my hand, getting ready to explode.
"Please, Sir, Please, can I suck your cock, Sir? Please. Please let me suck it, Sir, then ram it up my asshole, Sir."

PLEASE, Sir. I need it so bad, Sir—"
I came, covered myself with spunk. I rubbed it into the hair on my chest.
"No."
"Huh? Sir?"
His voice was so confused, so hurt, I was touched. Tough shit.
"I said no. Not tonight. You want it real bad, Chip?"
"Yes, Sir—"
"Okay, cocksucker—"
"Thank you, Sir!"
"Don't interrupt me, cocksucker."
"Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir."
"You want my cock so bad, you'll have to earn it."
"Sir?"
"Tonight you sleep on the floor."
"Yes, Sir..." He sounded so bewildered.
"Is your hand on your dick?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Let go of it. Don't touch it until tomorrow night, not even to pee. Then you can call me. And have a dildo ready. Got it?"
"Yes, Sir."
He was turned on, breathing hard.
"Is it hard now?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Think your balls will hurt?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Good."
"Yes, Sir."
"Understand your orders, boy?"
I heard him saying, "Yes, Sir," as I hung up.
I got out my leather, looked at myself in it for the first time in over a year, and jerked off again.
That was our only problem—Pete was still pure vanilla then. He said that he was afraid of my leather, that it was threatening. So I put it away, along with my kinky side.
But now I had connected with Chip and things started to change.
The leather felt good against my skin again. The smell alone got me off.
And I looked damn good in it, too.

back inside of me. Then he gave me the sort of fucking that leaves me limp for a few days."

Damn good. I'd been working out for a few years by then and had grown a lot in my arms and chest, adding definition to my stomach and butt, since the last time I'd worn my leather. And leather always made me feel so fucking hot that I knew I had to look hot, too.

The next night, when I thought he'd call, I put on my leather again. He called sooner than I expected, though, and I wasn't ready.

"Sir?"

"Yeah?"

"It's your cocksucking worthless slave calling, Sir."

"Your balls hurt?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good. Call back in twenty minutes."

I hung up and finished getting ready, not really sure if he'd call again. But he did.

"Yeah?" I answered the phone.

"It's me again, Sir."

"You slept on the floor, stud?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Touch your dick?"

"No, Sir."

"Balls hurting?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You naked?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Dildo ready?"

"Yes, Sir."

"I'm in my leather, fuckface. Smell my leather?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Good boy. You want to lick my leather, lick it so it's nice and shiny?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Tough shit."

"Yes, Sir," he whined.

"Got some grease?"

"Yeah. I mean, YES, SIR!"

"Now, grease up the dildo and stick it up your hole. Feels good, doesn't it, slave? Find the spot where it feels real good. Found it? Okay, keep punching it. Keep punching it 'till you cum."

He grunted across the wires

Moaned

"Touching your dick?"

"No, ahhhh, Sir. OOOOh."

"Keep it up. Cocksucker. Think of my eight inches inside of you. Think of how good it feels to have my built-sized balls slapping against your ass cheeks. Feel it? Feel it?"

Then I heard his cry of pain/pleasure as his balls poured themselves out.

"OOOOOOhh, Sir."

"You cum?"

"Yes, Sir. Thank y—"

"Fuckhead, did I say you could cum?"

"Sir? I thou—"

"You're not supposed to think asshole. You're just supposed to do as you're told."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sor—"

"Fuck that shit," I said. "Suck my dick."

"Yes, Sir. I'm sucking your dick, Sir. Sucking your big, fat man meat down my throat, Sir. Feeling it choke me, Sir. Give it to me, Sir, please. Grab my ears and fuck my face, Sir. Use my face for a fuckhole, Sir."

I shot my load, over my shoulders and hitting the wall behind me. No lie. I shot that far.

"Okay, cocksucker."

"Sir?"

"You were bad, weren't you? You came without permission, didn't you, stud?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What's your address, boy?"

I grabbed a pen and jotted it down.

"Why do you need it, Sir?"

"I'm punishing you, fucker. Don't call again until I say you can. Then obey me to the letter."

"Yes, Sir."

I hung up and, as usual, jerked off again. This time I put on a pair of lil clamps, and pulled on them as I got close to cumming. Then Pete walked in.

long, can they?" he said.

He stripped real fast, pulled out a rubber and slid it over his hard meat. Then he shoved it inside of me. I could have screamed, but bit down on the pillow instead. I was so close to cumming already, and his fat cock rubbing against my swollen prostate either felt so good it hurt, or hurt so good it made me cum all over both of us. Pete pulled hard on the lil clamps and I felt my balls and cock contracting as I shot my load.

I collapsed on the bed, unable to do anything but tell Pete thank you.

But Pete still had a gleam in his eye. He pulled out of me, rolled me on my stomach, and shoved his cock back inside of me. Then he gave me the sort of fucking that leaves me limp for a few days: long hard strokes pounding inside of me harder and harder, until he finally came up my butt and into the rubber.

"What ever got you so hot," he said a few minutes later when he'd caught his breath, "is okay by me."

"It was the leather," I said. "Is leather okay with you?"

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully. "I guess it is."

Then we talked about leather and he admitted to having some fantasies about bondage and maybe getting spanked.

"But your little furry butt sticking out of those chaps was hotter than anything I'd seen in a long time," he said.

I wouldn't have believed it, but my cock was getting hard a third time. I suggested he try on the chaps. He did and I told him to bend over so I could see just how good his cute white ass looked in them. He wasn't fooled, but still managed to fill another rubber with my cum when I returned the favor of a good fuck.

I didn't write to Chip for over a week, and when I did, I'd lost interest in him. Pete had more time for me again, and the sex (which was always

"Then we did our phone-scene. I told him what a worthless cocksucker he was and he groveled."

THE UTAH CONNECTION

good) got wild. Pete was suddenly letting go of his inhibitions and wearing me out. But who's complaining?

When I did write to Chip, I told him he could call me the next Wednesday night, when I knew Pete would be busy with his volunteer work. I told Chip he was to be on his knees, buck naked except for a dog collar and leash, and a buttplug up his ass. After I mailed the letter I wondered if he even had a butt plug, or if he could get one in Utah at all. I figured I'd find out soon enough. As an afterthought, I enclosed a photo of myself at the Russian River the summer before.

On Wednesday afternoon I got home and found something in the mail from Utah. I knew it was from Chip, of course, and tore it open at once. Inside were two nude Polaroids of Chip. He was very handsome in the grainy photos, almost intimidating. In one, he faced the camera in his collar and leash, two big, puppy-brown eyes looked at me above the thick collar. A fat dick hung down between two enormous balls, his torso a wall of solid muscle. On his right pectoral was a tattoo of a crouching panther about to pounce. In the second photo, he was bending over with his ass to the camera, showing the butt plug firmly in place between the lightly-haired, muscular buns.

I wanted to wait until he called. But what the hell, I thought. And I got off looking at the photos as soon as I got out of my suit.

When he did call, I was ready, wearing my leather, leaning back with a jar of lube. My dick started growing as soon as the phone rang.

"Yeah."

"Sir?"

"That you, pigboy?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You're a doggy-pigboy, aren't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is that what you want, boy, being

another man's animal?"

"Yes, Sir."

His voice had a new edge to it. It was hot, but serious, not playful anymore. I thought of those soulful brown eyes and the need I saw in them.

"I got your pictures today, boy. You're a goodlooking pigboy."

"Thank you, Sir."

Then we did our phone-scene. I told him what a worthless cocksucker he was, and he groveled, licked my ass, kissed my boot and shot his load while I fucked him. Then he sucked my shitty cock clean while I pissed down his throat. Then I came.

You know, the usual stuff.

When we were done, he didn't say anything, not even "Thank you," like he usually did.

"You there, Chip?"

"Yeah. I mean, yes, Sir."

"You okay?"

"Sir?"

"Pigboy."

"Uh, I'm not calling long distance, Sir. I'm at the Folsom Hotel."

Oh, shit, I thought.

"Yeah?"

"Can I see you, Sir?"

"Chip—"

"Please, Sir."

"How long are you here for?"

"I don't know yet, Sir. Can I see you, Sir?"

I looked at the clock. It was nearly ten and Pete would be coming by soon. I looked at his pictures and felt a stinging in my groin. He turned me on.

"I have a lover, Chip."

"Is he your slave, Sir?"

I thought about that a second, then I said something that surprised me.

"No. He's my Master."

There was silence, then an "Oh" on the other end.

"He's going to be here soon, and I have to be ready for him."

"Oh."

"What about tomorrow night?"

asked.

No," he said. "I can't then. I'll call you, okay?"

"Sure, Chip."

"Bye."

He never did call back.

And something happened that I hadn't expected, at least not consciously: Pete did become my Master. Not all at once, of course, but bit by bit. First I topped him. Then we switched roles. Then we stopped switching roles and Pete locked a collar around my neck and threw away the key.

We moved in together soon after that, and things have only gotten better since. I never told Pete about Chip in Utah, or why I was wearing my leather that night. But we both found out who we really are because of Chip, and I've always been grateful to him for that and think of him often.

I saw Chip in the flesh for the first time recently.

We were at the Ambush. Pete was standing around shooting the shit with some friends while he held my leash and I sat on the floor with my Calis-toga. I looked across the bar and saw another shirtless slave sitting on the floor, also on a leash. I nodded and he nodded back. I wondered who his Master was and would have gone over to ask him since he looked familiar. But of course I couldn't, being leashed and all.

Then I recognized him.

He'd grown a beard and developed an even more impressive physique since he'd sent me that photo. He'd also added a pair of gold tit rings that accentuated the definition of his chest and abdomen. I remembered the black panther tattooed on the right pectoral, though. And those beautiful brown eyes. The eyes weren't filled with longing, though. Not anymore. They were happy, even peaceful.

Probably like mine.



MARK OF
DISTINCTION

MARK KLEIN

THE CALIFORNIA DRUMMER 1988

There's something about Mark Klein that inspires our nastiest locker room fantasies. This hairy jock motherfucker says he likes "to make people happy, so whatever makes you happy, I'll do it." No problem!

We want to lick the sweat off your hairy pecs. We want to tease that fat cockhead. We want to snuff on your dirty man-smelling jockstrap. And that's only the beginning!

Mark won a gold medal throwing the hammer at Gay Games II, and will compete again in hammer, discus, and shotput next year in Vancouver. He's a natural athlete: high school football, college rugby, AAU swimming, hiking and skiing in Europe, and working his ass off as a bartender at Der Wolf in San Diego.

Want to see more of this stud? On your Mark, get set, GO!

KH



DRUMMER 126



DRUMMER 126

62



DRUMMER 126

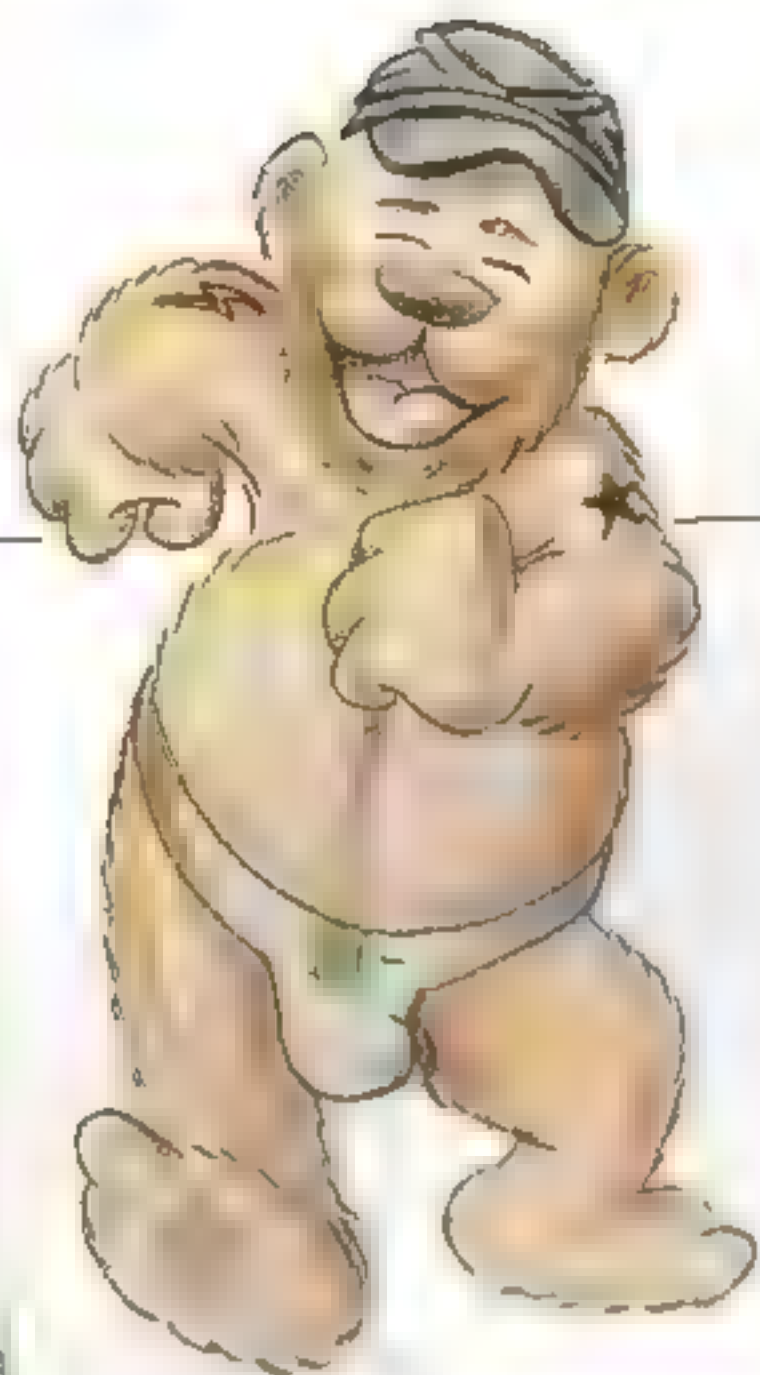


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64



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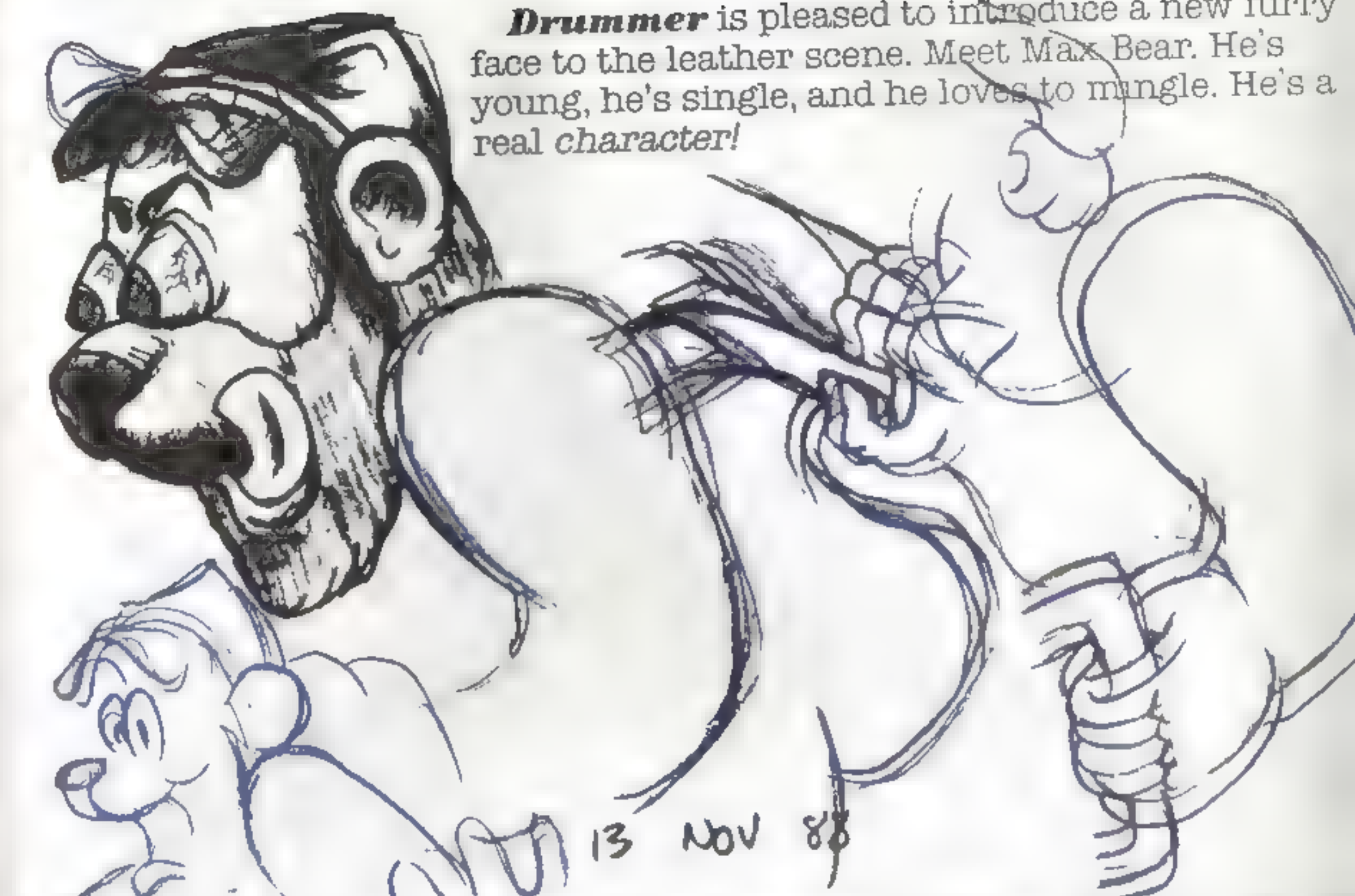
BEAR WITH US

MAX
IS HERE



©1988
mtd dog

Drummer is pleased to introduce a new furry face to the leather scene. Meet Max Bear. He's young, he's single, and he loves to mangle. He's a real character!



13 NOV 88

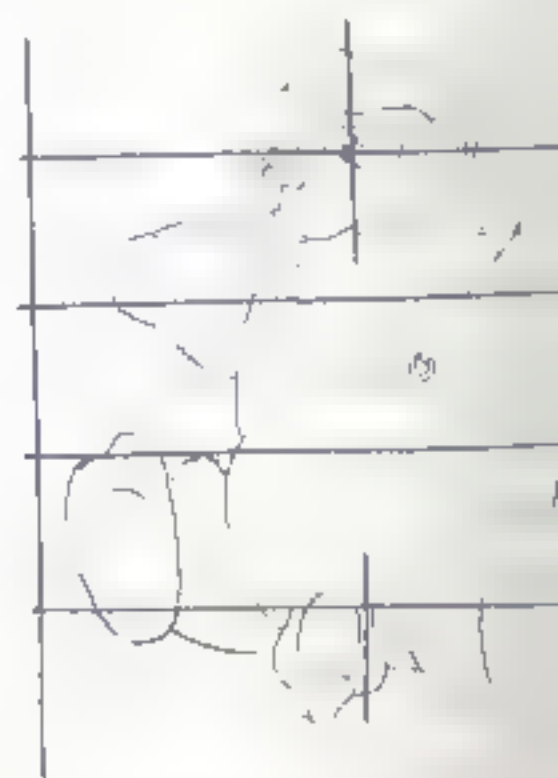
Max is the creation of Robert Roberts, AKA tattoo genius Mad Dog. A familiar San Francisco face for ten years, Robert has been tattooing everyone in sight for the past three. The serpent that adorns our coverman Colt Thomas' bicep is a Mad Dog design.



11 DEC 88



25 NOV 88

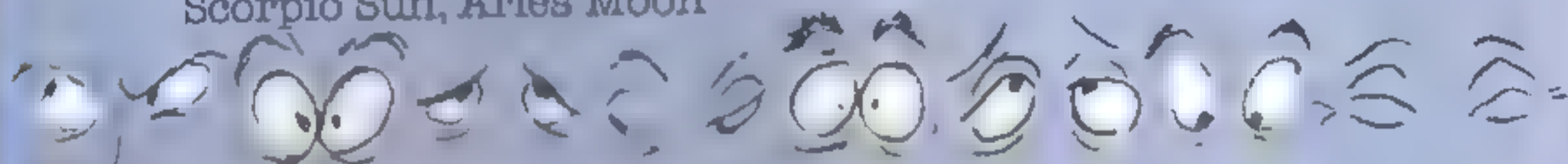


Since our Bear issue was such a hit, we're certain our readers will find Max unbearably adorable!



PROFILE

DATA: Born 20 November 1988, San Francisco
12:04 pm
Scorpio Sun, Aries Moon



OCCUPATION: Cartoon personality

HOBBY: Freelance proctology

FAVORITE FOOD: Cookies and Beer



IDOLS: Big Foot, Captain Kirk, Jolly Green Giant

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Touching his toes
(He's very proud of this!)



LATEST BOOK READ: "The Wind in the Willows"

GOAL: To star in a porn film with Mel Gibson



Let Max Bear Bring
Out the Beast in You!

© 1988 mad dog

We're cheap and easy! Only four bits a word!

Your ad: First, give us the top line for bold type. There's no extra charge for this attention getter!

Print it out: Don't worry about using abbreviations to save money—you are paying by the word—not by the number of characters. Tell 'em what you want and what you're offering. At these prices you can be as wordy as you wish.

Where will your ad run? Under your state or geographic section. If you would like your ad to appear under Nationwide or International instead of your state or country heading, say so. Ads for Models, Organizations, Mail Order, or Services will appear under those respective categories.

Deadline? There isn't any. Your ad will be placed in the next issue. Subsequent insertions appear chronologically. Allow 60 (repeat, 60) days for your ad to appear. **WE MEAN IT!**

Discount? When paying for more than one insertion, you may

How to reply to a Drummer box number: Answering a Drummer box number is easy, but the few rules we have are hard and fast, so observe them or else. 1) Seal your letter in an envelope on which you have written the box number on the back flap in pencil. 2) Put your return address on the envelope if you wish the letter to be returned to you should there be some problem with delivery. 3) **PUT PROPER POSTAGE ON THE ENVELOPE**—domestic postage is 25¢ for the first ounce, 20¢ for each additional ounce. Foreign overseas postage is 45¢ per one-half ounce. Enclose seventy-five cents (75¢) for each envelope and we will immediately address them and mail them out. 4) Put the whole thing (sealed letter and forwarding fee) in another envelope and send it to DESMODUS, Inc., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314. **LETTERS NOT PROPERLY PREPARED WILL BE DESTROYED!**

IT'S THAT EASY! And that's the way it should be. The pages of this magazine have always been a communication center for leathermen! By expanding and simplifying Dear Sir, we are doing just that. No deadlines, no headaches, no \$7 box charges,

deduct 10% on the additional insertion(s). Our rates are a fraction of the competition.

Want a Drummer box number? Add a buck, that's all. The responses to your box will be forwarded to your address as soon as we receive them. Box numbers can be assigned for personal ads only.

Phone number? Run your number for instant results. But include a dollar for us to call you to verify the number for your protection and ours.

Payment? Pay by check, money order, Visa, Mastercard or American Express. If paying by credit card, include card number and expiration date along with your signature.

Censorship? No, Sir! — provided you keep references to minors, animals, prostitution or drugs out of your ad. These we cannot accept. And, of course, you must be 21 or better.

no \$20 cancellation fee, no \$5 phone verification fee. And only 50¢ a word!

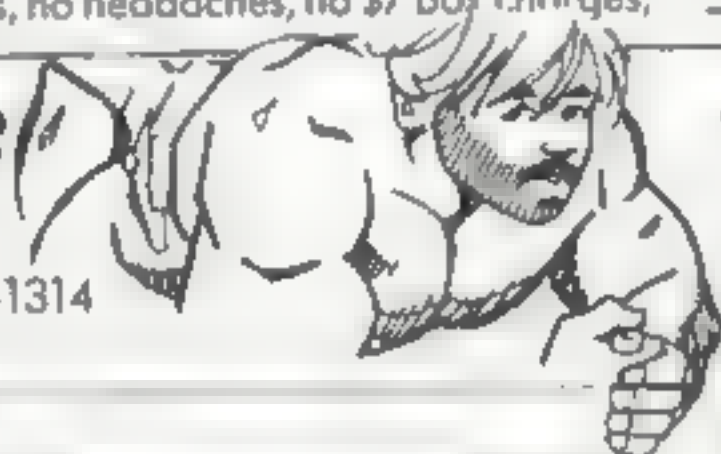
Desmodus will forward responses to ads in back issues. However, we cannot guarantee that old addresses will still be valid. Remember, the US Postal Service will not return mail without your return address. Keep in mind that people do move and their needs and desires do change.

FOR LEATHER FRATERNITY MEMBERS ONLY: Your 50-word ad is included for the next twelve issues as part of your membership. Change your ad as often as you like—but remember to keep your ad within the 50-word limit to allow space for everyone else's. **Any Leather Fraternity ad not complying to this limit will be edited.**

There is no box charge and if you send replies to other advertisers you don't need to bother sending in the 75¢ forwarding fee per envelope. How about that! The Leather Fraternity is a real deal even without these features. With them, it is an even bigger bargain!

DEAR SIR:

DESMODUS, INC.
PO Box 11314
San Francisco, CA 94101-1314



NAME _____

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CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Signature _____

I am 21 years of age or older • Signature required on ALL ads

Cost of Ad—1st Insertion (____ Words x 50¢)..... \$ _____

Additional Insertions—x____ (10% discount) .. _____

Box Number (Add \$1.00)..... _____

Telephone Number in Ad (Add \$1.00)..... _____

Total Enclosed \$ _____

Payment enclosed is: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

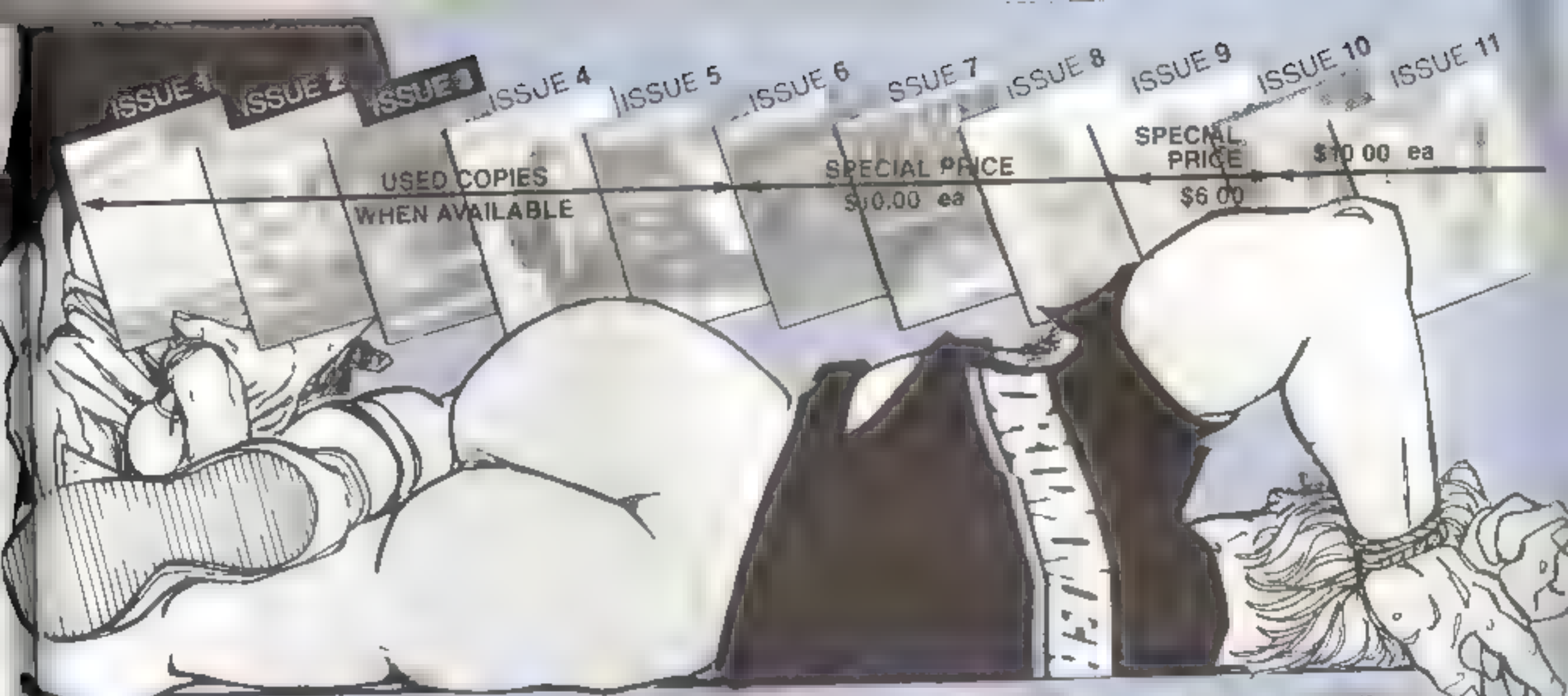
Please make checks payable to: DESMODUS, INC.

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard ☐ American Express

BOLD HEADING (25 letters & spaces maximum) PLACE MY AD IN THE FOLLOWING CATEGORY

AD COPY (please print)



DEAR SIR:

NATIONWIDE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Aggressive bottom looking for one night of being completely controlled. Bind me gag me make me beg for more. You're in control if you're man enough. Send your photo and detailed letter of intent. Box 6692

CREWCUTS, USMC HI & TIGHTS

Flattops, haircutting or bodyshaving turn you on? Meet others sharing these interests video, photo, local parties, newsletter CLIP PERS. Box 5871 Santa Monica, CA 90405

LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories. Let's tie him down: gag him, rub his nipples, frig his butt, hickie him mercilessly then milk his dick for a finale! Straight and bi-guys who need (cock) control punks, thugs, cops, military, locks, and businessmen. Mr. N.P. PO Box 40 35 Berkeley, CA 94704 Box 8695LF

BLACK SPANKING & ENEMA GIVIN' MASSEUR

Licensed to massage and highly skilled at ass-whipping hot butts stretched out on my massage table. Enemas your pleasure? Try my secret formula stirring up your insides making your bowels explode loads of paydirt. So all you naughty business types, laborers, locks, etc. pick up the phone. John, (212) 889 5477

DISABLED?

See Organizations heading

BLACK MASTER WANTED

Hot tan W M slave animal 34 5'9" 172 lbs blond, seeks demanding innovative muscular hung Black Master for workouts, S-M, CBT paddles, mirrors, toys, wax, heavy Greek French B-D just about anything, uniforms, fantasy action. Master may write to Zack PO Box 14830 Phoenix AZ 85035. Letter phone photo ins. w. no please. FF-40b

U.S. MUSCLE-EUROPE

See Web Gertie's page

CUM ON SON

Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather kich traps, body hugging spandex T V A shaving, fantasy trips, exhibitionism, body worship. Dad can give or take Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo phone--Al. Box 1356 Mad Sq Sta NY NY 10159 Box 6700LF

GRANDAD

Horny Sicilian Bear Dad (45) with hungry bear boy (35) is looking for a Silver Bear Dad (55+) of his own. Let's get together and teach the boy a few new lessons. PO Box 2251 SF 94126

EXCEPTIONAL HOT MAN

42 seeks exceptional younger man 1m 5'10" 160 lbs., black hair brown eyes gund bund and looks, very masculine dynamic stable, successful, intense and caring. If you're very good-looking, well built intelligent, stimulating and thrive on dominance submission send letter with photo to Mitch PO Box 9395 Scottsdale AZ 85252 Box 6798LF

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Two hot Chicago Masters 28 31 bearded tattooed and pierced seeking hot boy. Must be into heavy nipple work just like his Masters. Must be honest into leather discipline bondage and fantasy. Boy will be shaved, collared and hooded. Relocation possible. Send submission letter and photo immediately. Box 6377LF

TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top 5'8" 153, bi br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT weights and FF Bottom 5'9" 100 br br curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs legs, pees and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JDR 107 Wood Hill Trail Augusta, GA 30909

JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men in leather. We are looking for a SASE. PO Box 977 Santa Monica CA 90406 1x21 For questions and info

LEATHERSON WANTED

leatherdad, 56 5'9" 170lb gray hair tan gray beard, glasses motorcycle man into display fucking WS BD SM Fantasy fulfillment has life partner needs bright hard working 21 45+ to be dad. Boy and to complete family Los Box 511265 SLC UT 84151 1265 Box 4

LOVER MASTER WANTED

G W M 30 6'2" 175 lbs. well built successful, educated owns business, seeks tall healthy hung in shape protective and caring Master Dad 32 40 for lifetime and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going creative financially independent, open to new business ventures (travel) I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 8703LF

BUTCH BOTTOM WANTED

muscular butch submissive interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking a no-bunshi relationship. Me unusual 75 lbs. dark moustache and masculine muscular hairy confident in charge. Emotionally available. Not into gay scene. Landmark, 227 Federal Highway, Dania FL 33004

OPENINGS FOR SLAVES

can Master owns primary slave. Expand household has room for 12 additional slaves. Serve year or longer. Low-stress spiritual orientation. Could be ideal for HIV+ or slaves willing to learn, desiring obedient mission, and opportunities for personal growth. If extremely serious and willing to make substantial changes in your life, write to PO Box 80053, Mpls. MN 55408

COUPLE SOUGHT

bi lean dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to contribute to working, trusty, healthy relationship in live-in setting (sometimes partying hard) 30 40 150 lbs buddies, 21 40 desiring a master and a non-binding and a slave. No use easy please write to PO Box 80053

FANTASIES BORE ME

I am a Harley rider computer professor who lives in blue jeans boots and leather. I am looking for a man with similar interests. I suck my dick, fuck my ass and get his dick sucked. Good man to man sex now link info. Permanent a possibility. Box 6440LF

COMPETITIVE TYPE BBs

Opportunity for real beefy BB who needs a master to transcend routine for further muscle gain and discipline. Letter with photo to GBL BP13809 F75422 Paris, Cedex 09 France

LEATHER NAZI

38 5'8" seeks same or redneck cop type heavy-duty Nazi conversation. Fucking around relationship. Gelf Hawell, POB 272364. Contact CA 94527

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization CBT W S, shaving, rubber and foot submission and are under 40 in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo descriptive letter and phone to this 30 year old BB, 5'8" 165 lbs., Top. LF4883

HOT AND KINKY BODYBUILDER

38 W M hairy and healthy BB has a big hole for an aggressive man. Truckers, police, leathermen serviced to your specifications. Gloved paws a real turn on. No scat, speeders. WB. PO Box 410034 San Francisco CA 94141

FACESITTING

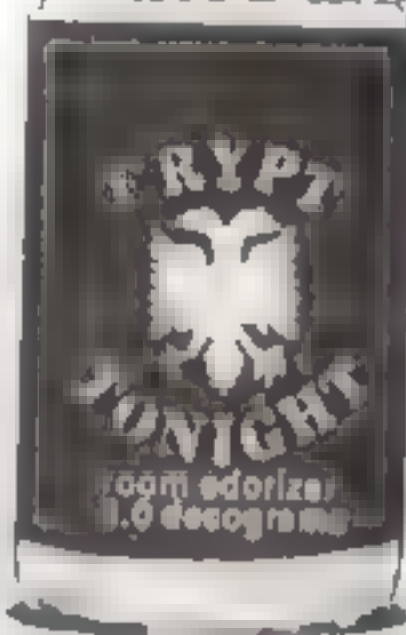
Safe No scat Top or Bottom. Letter Photo. PO Box 204, Sabon F Toronto On Canada M4Y 2L5

DAD SEEKS B'B SON

Successful W M 36 5'10" 155 lbs provide opportunity for full-time training. Return of submissive son. Possible live in. Your own pace. W PO Box 373 MA 01803

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Best!!



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PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

ISSUE 12 ISSUE 13 ISSUE 14 ISSUE 15 ISSUE 16

SPECIAL PRICE

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LEATHER CROTCH HARLEY IRON

MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a Hungry crotch cannibal! My leather-cock is Screaming to be sucked into your leather head! Reveal yourself my brother, as a Sexual Incest Leather Oral Obsessed with Lust Plug into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under the 2 Hard-On leather crotches fresh fucking the machine. Fucking you! I'm hunting for Part Time sex slaves leading to uncomplicated but serious meetings. You are brilliant, masochist, submissive. You're young, hot bod healthy and workwise self sufficient. I am 50 tall, hot bod healthy bearded leathered rubbered in Top Sadis. Master obsessed with TIGHT SEX in codpiece leather pants, boots, high boots (and indulge in Black Rubber!) These are my DRUGS and fucking. I'll fuck our senses with Head Gas for a Rebel Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your head! Live in SF for "medical students" (no tubes or anemas or premises) "Live in NOT available. You are malleable. I'm not. Apply w photo to WIZARD PO Box 640033 San Francisco 94164-0033 (6897LF)

COUPLE SEEK BUTCH BOTTOM

Hot hairy masculine Sir and his boy looking for butch masculine bottom with good attitude in the right place. Must be in shape, healthy, and willing to take orders. Sir boy both handsome 210 lbs 185 lbs good hunky build well hung. Novices welcomed, will train. Respond with photo. Boxholder PO Box 1572 Paramount CA 90723

MACULINE, MUSCULAR

GWM 41, 5'9" 155, hairy chest, balding un-cut hung 9, versatile. Must like nipple work & have a nice hard round receptive rear. Kiss & cuddle a plus. A photo would be nice which I shall return. Thanks Kent Box 6851

GUT PUNCHING WORK OVER

Central Ohio man, bodybuilder very hard some 6' 190 28 seeks other muscular men, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching stomach scissors, and other abdominal tests of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo phone Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755 9520

HUNGRY HOLE

Hot bottom, 33 6' 155 has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF dildoes GR, FR, shaving, lit's Leather, toys night bondage S M Write PO Box 1245 Indianapolis, IN 46208 (LF6942)

BLOND GO LKG FUCK BUDDY

31 6' 190 blue eyes moustache thick hung dick usually submissive. Hot rugged, sweaty safe sex. Truckers, travelers welcome. West of Chicago. Brad (312) 820-9088

ROCKY MOUNTAIN COUNTRY BOY

Shy, passive boy kid next door (31 5'9" 165 lbs blue eyes, brown hair and moustache) seeks top muscular dad big brother (30-45, that can guide both in brains (mentor) and brawn (BB). Enjoy rough sex and into leather uniform and western fantasies. Box 6232, F or call (303) 237 5515

100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting or passing thru Seattle—I'd be honored to be used as your toilet, urinal bootwipe, boy. Singles, groups welcome. Age looks not relevant. Mutual fifth freak OK. I'm tall 6'2" brn-blu slach, 200 lbs, 37 yrs boy. Anxious to feed Sir(s). Write Box 6840LF

READY FOR THE REAL THING?

Creative Master Rugged attractive early 40ies. Offers firm slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility. S M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Be come exceptional slave once and for all. Tom Box 28852 St Louis, MO 63123 (5760LF)

DADDY HAS EVERYTHING

except 20s 30s, companionable cute or BB live-in (NYC) slaveboy son. Need sane, successful top, commitment, belonging, new HOME, dedicated life of sex service without sneeze loneliness or infidelity? Full frank application with photos! now I let me opportunity, fulfilling lifestyle. Start a new life this new year! Box 6324, F

MASOCHIST SLAVE

SIR WM 34 5'10" 165H needs to suffer pain for a & to provide total toilet service for Master. slave needs bondage, piercing nail removal, whipping permanent marking, using dildoes CBT & raining in ass worship & total obedience please give this worthless piece of shit a chance, Sir Box 6839LF

300# GWM SADIST MASTER 4B

wants toilet slave with thin waist. Remove shirt for inspection photo. Permanent possession open now! Be submissive and obedient. Send limits, details and fantasy. Bondage-Pain Love Spend 25¢ sending what you have today for results. Mr Jones, PO Box 33336 Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433 PS I hope you have a very "Happy New Year"

SON WANTED

Executive Dad 50 years young, 6' tall 195 pounds brown hair blue eyes, seeks submissive son into tight S&M bondage, and long term loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414, Seattle WA 98125

HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Handsome, hairy WM 33, 5'10", 180, great pecs and tough nipples. In shape mind and body. Seeks same in hot masculine bottom. Must be intense safe scenes. Not interested in sniveling cocksuckers. Send photo, details and desires to Occipant PO Box 16532 San Diego CA 92116 Box 6836LF

NYC CAN TRAVEL

WM 35 205 6'1" bea d husky, attractive seeks younger verbal in-shape man into using piss to degrade and dominate some home, turning his mouth into your urinal and him into your on-call pet cocksucker foot-kisser, assicker serving boy. No wimps, queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details pic Box 6224LF

LONGJOHN UNIONSUIT GUYS

Looking for guys into unionsuits longjohns and underwear 39 5'11" 175 lbs into most underwear uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Write Jay, Box 179, 606 W Barry, Chicago, IL 60657

DOWN UNDER LEATHERMAN

Hot Australian male 33, 6'2" 180 lbs, lives in country beach house with well equipped Dungeon in Sydney, invites other Top-Men (USA only) to try to dominate this master of bondage shaving and heavy SM. To broaden his experiences, by written fantasy, photos phone or in person. (Macintosh user) Box 6732LF (International Postage required).

ISSUE 17

ISSUE 18

ISSUE 19

ISSUE 20

ISSUE 21

USED COPIES
WHEN AVAILABLE \$10.00 ea.

COPS ONLY

You protect—I serve W M 27 masculine healthy, discrete No fakes or bullshit Photo appreciated, returned G Sanka Box 2647 8033 Sunset, LA, CA 90046

GOT AN ACCENT?

Want a blowjob? SF area, but I like mail. Pref skinny guys, smooth dark skin Box Alpha

BOY-SLAVE

Good looking eager to please hot hung Daddy Master 1 519-749 0881

SLAVE BOY

5'8 40 28 smooth looking for a top & train this eager novice Relocation possible San Diego Mark 619-284 1839

BEAUTIFUL DAD WANTED

Dominant European guy, 38 6'1" 180 lbs. fr m. hairy, masculine dark hair eyes, reliable seeks submissive professional retired dad over 55 for lifetime relationship Leather is goal so are business suits Want to worship Dad but also dominate him All scenes considered Will relocate Photo a must Box 6308LF

GENTLE MASTER

50s, tall slender bald, glasses, educated seeks thin, quality-type live-in slave capable of obedience giving and receiving love in Los Angeles. Send detailed letter, photo, and phone now to Box LF 6309 All applications answered Box 6309LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week end training Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there Master is 36 5'11", 210 lbs, blue blond, demanding—leather, levis, boots whips, bondage, pain service, buffering and servitude Hank (612) 690-4187 (LF6457)

ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD/TOP

38, looking for WM bottoms other hot tops for laid-back to heavy encounters Big brawny blond USMC/cop/BB, pro-wrestlers, football ers a plus but not necessary I'm worth the postage Send photo phone Occ, PO Box 91181 Henderson NV 89009

CORACEOUS

Unpretentious academic quiet peripheral to scenes and the scene generally openminded, ota, leatherman late 30s, Boston MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation, information, correspondence or friendship I have many interests, friends a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention Box 5978LF

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

n shape (5'11" 175 lbs., 42 c 31" w) size 8 cut) and attitude, seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that the future is ours So get I off now to this 43-year-old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Seek lickish guys (tops and bottoms) for begging, pleading, hysterical laughter Box 6813

PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot GWM in good health 33 5'10", 160 blond, blue beard hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into S.M. Leather safe raunch and lots more Willing to travel Call Randy 213) 271 5352

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ PA

Handsome experienced muscular trim, well built master 36 6'1 150 seeks slave masochist lover permanent, temporary weekend who is trim under 35 well built limitation accepted but will expand Novice welcome Well designed and equipped dungeon Write with picture to PO Box 195 New Hope PA 18938 (LF6453)

LEATHERED BOOTED MASTER

Tall tough top needed with equipment and toys for intense control bondage verbal physical abuse of submissive leathered booted man visit friendship Box 6523

I SUBMIT

Top like body, slave mind I need to be shackled trained by the right master Chief interest is your abuse control secondary interests leather VA CKIT bondage body punching One nighters OK prefer relationship where you'll make me beg for punching bag—your drive Mr. 35 You 25 45 facial hair non fat or fern Texas Box 6836LF

HORNY PHOTO FREAK

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos Anything goes the raunchier the better Solos duos gangs cum shots, piss, you name it Let's swap and get it on or I'll come and photograph your scene for you Box 2251 SF 94126

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W M 42 5'9 150 lbs beard pierced seeks in shape blacks and others into pain, torture verbal humiliation, heavy tit ball pulling, wrestling, pinching, stretching, vacuum pumping Bear drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W.S. etc Safe Sex Satanism Work 3-11 PM Call or write anytime Karl 836 Wheeler St Woodstock, IL 60098 (815) 338-9137 (LF6508)

YOUNG SLAVEBOY WANTED

Attractive 30 year old, 6'2", 195, blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy houseboy to take care of Young boys to 25 intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex send photo and detailed letter Box 6707LF

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

32 5'10" 160 hairy bearded, versatile seeks buddies into leather levis, boots uniforms, S&M B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes Ich kann auf Deutsch Photo to Bridwell 4734 N Magnolia Avenue Chicago IL 60640

SHIT FREAK

Looking for a fellow shit eater and dirty ass sniffer for monogamous living together relationship Let's keep our noses up each other's filthy assholes and eat each other's shit If you're as turned on by shit and raunch as I am, are ready for a one-to-one relationship and are committed to staying healthy, let's get acquainted NYC relocation necessary Am 40 165 average build, masculine Box 6800

LEATHER BUDDY

GWM, 45, 5'8" 145, Br Hair Blue Eyes who loves wearing black leather Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair, in shape, who loves to wear black leather all the time Looking for permanent relationship Write ED, PO Box 192 Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

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ISSUE 32

ISSUE 33

ISSUE 34

ISSUE 35

ISSUE 36

TOP SON

Submissive Dad wanted by hot, short straight-acting son. Your 30-40, protective masculine, strong-bodied, quiet kind of guy who needs to completely satisfy son's needs. Your cul dick, natural, heavy low-hangers receptive ass and throat are for son's use abuse. Son: young 40, demanding, playful imaginative. Let's clamp those nipples, pull twist slap those Daddy balls. Not spoiled yet son has expectations of a Dad who knows his son can do no wrong. Plusses: tall muscular. Detailed applications to Box 6927

STREET WISE AND HOT FOR SEX

look for same. Long hours, alone, groups. Substance, sexual, sensual, No roles, no attitudes, no limits. Can travel. Box 6919

I am a muscle slave

willing to submit to a handsome Master 45 yrs for verbal abuse, bondage, hoods, puns, C&B work & whippings. Safe sex only. Slave is 38, 165, 5'10" very handsome bodybuilder with brown hair, eyes, moustache & smol. body Master: S/R - wait your lie & photo so may begin - give you. Box 6917

ENGLISH TOURIST

Ex-military guy, 5'11" 177 lbs. 52 touring states in 89. Wants to experience American scene. Would like to meet masters willing to share gear and slave or will submit to your orders and punishment. Box 6913. International Postage Required

COUNTRY COUSIN

Place your ad now. Send photo, \$10.00 now. Box 130872. Houston, Texas 77219

FUN & ADVENTURE

Creative and humiliating public/private games/challenges followed by appropriately predefined rewards/punishments per quality of performance. Slim, safe, intelligent Top Guy 20-40 sought by tall, handsome, W.M. 36, open-minded, inexperienced Boxholder. Box 981, Portland, Oregon 97207

SHIT

Hot WM, 30s, 175, 7", construction type seeks hot slim, younger slave type shit buddy with big hole, huge luds for mutual fucking, sucking, smearing, hls & toys. Serious hot pigs only. Rocky Mountain area. Picture photo gets mine. Box 6911

WANTED SLAVE BOY

Small, fairly young with strong desire to serve. Permanent position. 24 hr control. Master White, 50, 6' 175 lbs, businessman, demanding, kinky, loner, somebody. To apply, complete detailed resume: life history & photo a must. J.A.C. 2372 Ingleside Avenue, Macon, Georgia 31204

GERMAN SLAVE BOY

45, 6'3" 180, boyish slim, hairless, shaved. Erotic area visiting USA, Canada, January-February 89 is to serve as naked houseboy to a group of big Black Masters and rapists 18 to 45 for 3 or 4 days. Boy is to be gang raped often, spanked, kept naked in house, car, outdoors where possible, rented, auctioned, exhibited, hooded, blindfolded. Never has permission to cum but needs to be forced to play with his peepee and keep it always very close to cumming. Boy will pay per day. No scat piss heavy pain unsafe please. Boy can live anywhere. Will send nude pics any position as ordered. Send detailed orders with phone. Boy will respond at letters. International postage required. Box 6928

BLAST THOSE ABS!

Want to toughen that gut? Want to challenge those abs to see how much they can take? Partner sought for two-day to week-long gut-screaming, gut-those-abs-in-shape workouts. Building abdominal endurance and toughness will require hundreds of sit-ups, leg raises, crunches, scissors, gut punches, medicine ball work, and a willingness to push each other until our abs scream for mercy—and then to push even harder. By day two, our abs will be so sore, having anything from taking a run to taking a shit will feel like a major abdominal workout. Our abs will take all we can dish out or we will be doing paddle push-ups or having our balls flicked until we beg for more gut work. Let's push our abs to new levels of endurance and toughness. I interested, get down right now and give me 100 sit-ups. 200 would be better. Make those abs hurt. If you don't finish, don't write. If you're worried about throwing up from too much ab work or about how sore your gut might be the second day, don't write. If you do finish, and want more, if you believe abdominal toughness is the measure of the man, and if you believe your abs were meant to test your willpower, write and suggest a workout. Chuck, PO Box 1093, Minneapolis, MN 55458

EXECUTIVE SEEKS SLAVE

Handsome very muscular dark haired executive 35, 6'1", 180, (B" thick) is looking for a high quality slave who wants to be completely trained to be an executive assistant and to service this very HOT Dominant Top. If your body is not in shape now—it better have very good potential. If you are intelligent, loving, affectionate, obedient, and very willing to learn, you have a big advantage. You will be trained to socialize in powerful circles and you will live as a Prince as long as you serve me devotedly. You would live with me, travel with me, work with me and play with me. You would be my companion, my valet/slave and my executive right arm. I will relocate you if you succeed in convincing me that you are completely qualified. Send your detailed application (with photos and phone #) to PO Box 3597, Minneapolis, MN 55403

40 AND OVER

Masochist/slave seeks experienced 40 and over Sadistic Topmen in Ala, Tenn, GA, & VA for overnight and weekend rituals of pain and pleasure. Box 6918

FEED ME HOT SHIT

Shit eater (my own) needs tall, masculine, endowed Top to feed my hungry mouth and fill my gut with big loads of hot, hard luds followed by recycled Bud. Am HIV negative, you must be same. Cops, bodybuilders, cigars a plus. Near I-85 in DC Metro area. Box 6910

BONDAGE, LEATHER, BOOTS

Dutch, goodlooking, versatile, leatherclad bootlicker 33, 5'10" blond, ready to travel and meet intelligent leather Master for safe, imaginative, heavy bondage scenes, hoods, gags, VA, TT, Playroom? Dungeon? Photo and international postage required. Box 6912

BOYSTUD REDUCED TO SLUT!

Do fantasies of humiliating arrogant smooth boystuds turn you on? Punk mohawk turned into slut swim team captain in panties, cute gymnast meets brass knuckles, crying boystuds as piestholes, bu lickers, pets and toys, etc. Let's exchange written fantasies. Box 6905, Canadian Postage Required. Paul

ISSUE 37

ISSUE 38

ISSUE 39

ISSUE 40

ISSUE 41

DEADLY SERIOUS, GENUINE

41 seeks individual or cult who is willing to grant the ultimate wish: offering myself for total sexual torture, surrender, sacrifice. Prefer inverted suspension. Age, race looks unimportant. Also will do same for similar minded individuals. PO Box A3784 Chicago IL 60690

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE REQUIRED

Hard work strict rules real training strict discipline secure, healthy, safe living. Solid building for future offered by established Master in quiet smaller city atmosphere. Respectful application to Mr Jensen Box 454, Fargo, ND 58107

SUBMISSIVE

GWM 28 novice smooth body 5' 10" dark, seeks muscular Top for discipline. Enclose photo with letter. PO Box 222224 Miami FL 33223-0724

EXPERIENCED COCK WORSHIP

You 35 yrs old a young man who can abuse with long sexy 10 power. Must be old hunky male and hard on. Give me ship your cock. If you're a man who gets the message then call Jon Miami, Florida Keys (305) 451-6056. No phone sex. Leave message on machine if I'm out.

HEY YOU

You son of a bitch sitting up there around pretty flowers while I pringe in darkness and the pain of prison. 28 year old black male. Lustful, frustrated, intelligent, sure of himself. Seeking millionaires to access the poetry of me. Mike Brighon, 850335 Box 875, Coxsack, NY 12051-0008

SOMETHING TO SURRENDER

Truly masculine submissive with straight life style, healthy, good looks, seeks truly dominant man with mean streak who knows the value of owning someone and feels it's his right. I'm 5'9" 185 lbs. dark hair, eye, mustache. 31 y/o humble, capable, and ready to have you make me give up. Boxholder PO 104, Queens, NY 11426

EXPERIENCED DADDY MASTER

accepting respectful applications versatile good looking Dominant Top Man. Smooth, slender build, 40s, respects/expands limits, all scenes, all applicants considered. No restrictions. Mr Cook NB, 791 Wedgewood Dr Columbus, OH 43228

40-60 YRS SERIOUS ONLY

Tall bootied 6' 90 36 hair 8" in shape in a what "most don't" dig. I've learned sweat pain bit work out wrestling a bma enduring long sessions etc. like what you do top or bottom? Real men only. No fats or fems! Truckin south let's get it on Jim PO Box 53-0992 Miami, FL 33153 (6974LF)

WANTED: TRUCKER & BOY

47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends—(209) 298-6527 Box 6057LF

WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, assussy needs asspawing from hung, in-shape Tops, 28-40 yrs into domination VA, spanking, TT, C&BT groups shaving. Love big cocks. No scat FF damage Me 5'5" 130 lbs beard submissive. Hank (312) 989-4236, Box 25182 Chicago, IL 60625 (6973LF)

SERIOUS B&O BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes bondage verbal abuse frat hazing, military discipline light S&M. Bottom is muscular WM 25 35 enthusiastic spirited. Positives: college jocks construction workers, intelligence correct attitude. Negatives: raunch drugs. Rile excessive hair. Possible relationship or Master slave. Top is 41 5'8" 160 HIV neg clean shaven. Describe letter w photo, phone (607) 11(F)

EXPERIENCED TRAINER

wants tall m... financial aid available for qualified trainees. Box 67119

SON WANTS HAIRY DADDY

Novice son 27 wants hairy Daddy 4' 60 and physically fit for training in U O. spank, shaving of W. W. 4... Box 67119

BONDAGE MASTER WANTED

White... Box 67119

SUBMISSIVE SUGAR DADDY

Scandinavian WM, 44 6' 175 lbs short blond hair blue eyes, no facial hair smooth athletic body hot ass, working out regularly into S & M TT, whipping, often in the US, seeks sadistic Master 80 18 to 30, any race (black or PR +) not under 5'10" with smooth muscular body, extreme short or long hair + tattooed + straight + reply if possible with photo and phone. Box 6963 (International Postage required)

JAKE THE PLUMBER

Bearded natural man, 35, 5'11" 170, blue eyes, intense seeking similar blue collar bears bikers and bruthus with big balls and backbone. Call (401) 521-4378, leave address on machine

HANGMAN'S NOOSE IS TURN ON

34 year old GWM needs correspondence from Tops, bottoms into leather-levis uniforms western gear who get off fantasizing about bondage. I'm S M... 322-7854 Let's talk Or write Box 67119

BOY SLAVE DOG

WM Master 40 6' 8" nice balls and muscular into L B D S M TT shaving, prolonged ass play, toys FF safe & sane I require a slave to serve my every need. You must be dedicated to this lifestyle. 8' 30" 150 lbs good physical shape and into complete submission. Must be into having your ass disciplined and much expanded. Send photo and fantasy with application. Box 6959

CAPTURED AND TORTURED!

Are you young, in-shape, imaginative and searching for dick dripping adventures? WM 30s lean, muscular masculine, versatile seeks others for historical torture fantasies challenges, in safe sane discreet injury free atmosphere. Let's live those movie scenes writhing sweating, groaning, laughing it out! Send ideas, limits, photo. Box 6129LF

MASTER SOUGHT

who will train a novice slave 32, very slim submissive, obedient, eager to learn and please. Can travel to US for extended training. Serious replies only (International Postage Required) Box 6980

Hot New Video For Piercing Fans!

\$69.95 POSTPAID



Here's the video you've been waiting for. Detailed, step-by-step, live demonstrations of 9 male piercings. Gorgeous color plus an interview with internationally renowned Master Piercer, Jim Ward. VHS, Beta and PAL formats, \$69.95 postpaid in U.S.A. (California residents add \$4.54 Sales Tax; overseas orders add \$7.00 for shipping)



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DIAL-A-DADDY
For Discipline & Training

HOT TOPS
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LEATHER
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LOCK STRAPS
BONDAGE / S&M

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Free Callbacks Available

CREDIT CARDS

MEN-MEN
& MORE MEN

Must be over 18 yrs old

ISSUE 52

ISSUE 53

ISSUE 54

ISSUE 55

ISSUE 56

ISSUE 57

ISSUE 58

ISSUE 59

ISSUE 60

ISSUE 61

SMELLY COCKS DIRTY ASSHOLES

EXCITE ME Healthy GWM really enjoys dirty sex with hot guys. Especially turned on to smelly un-cut dicks. Love the aroma of fragrant shitholes. Squat over me and let me sniff & slurp you clean. Make me tell you how it smells. Phone # & horny letter Box 6371LF. Hurry!

WANTED: BONDAGE TOP

Hairy WM, 31, 6' 180 lbs. blue beard and moustache wants to meet up with coph bikers, leathermen and daddies with a mean streak and a knowledge of heavy BD heavy VA and humiliation moderate SM, hoods, gags, onemas, boots, gas masks and toys. I'd like the chance to meet and service SAFE SEX TOPS who feel comfortable wearing boots, gloves, leather and uniforms while teasing, spanking and training a boot boy. Will correspond and exchange photos. Box 3711LF.

2 LEATHERMEN/ARIANS*

Hot Hung. Built! We are versatile 6' 160 lbs. 23' big hands. 8'3" 175. 9' > 8' huge hands. 35. Into leather games, bondage, prolonged assplay/dildoes, fucking FFA) safe sex. You similar tastes and characteristics. Photo with letter gets our asap. PO Box 4574 San Francisco, CA 94114-0574 or Box 6631LF.

SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-year old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts. (I talk submit—and then going farther.) I'm 6'1", 155# blond athletic 7.5 with nuts of steel. Photo. PO Box 2748 Sunnyvale CA 94087 Box 6776LF.

1988 LEATHERDADDY

Western State Titleholder is searching Nation wide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous longterm relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.I.R. PO Box 1616 Guerneville Calif 95445 Box 6766LF.

BACK IN LEATHER

GWM couple top 35 5'8" 170 blond hazel Bottom 35 6'2" 155 brown blue Looking for bottoms or couples who are into leather FF dildoes, CB&T, catheters, films, hoods and especially long ass play. Lover is into leather FF dildoes and is an animal lover. Let's get tweaked out and do a leather anal invasion. 209) 576 2260 LF6319

RAUNCHY STINKING BEARDED

Relationship oriented 35, 5'10", 150, smelly bodies turn me on. Sharing each others clothes, odors, piss, shit, puke etc. Love out of doors, romantic. Want similar types. Beards a must. PO Box 880647 San Francisco, CA 94188-0647 (LF6425)

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt! Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30 5'6" 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF.

TOUGH LITTLE BLOND

Executive in small town 5'6" 135 lbs. 32 yrs. I'm a hard luffy & clipped oversexed atoned seeks to submit to bossman for a night or a lifetime. Discipline bondage both at home and in the Sierras. Humiliation shaving ass beating, piss. TT All available to Master who needs to dominate a together stud & turn him into the bitch son wave dog. If you can rope me you can hump me if you can cage me you can keep me (Hairy preferred) Mark P. PO Box 992 Clovis CA 93613 (LF5439)

SUCK MY FAT DICK

No talk no games no friendship no relationship no bullshit, no excuses no nothing except your mouth on my dick till I'm done. Box 6990

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY

Can't bottom needs to serve horny arrogant stud Top + red ass! Use verbal abuse discipline corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the sex and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs please. Box 6477

SEEKING S.F. LEATHER MASTER

Masculine white 30 year old S.F. leatherman seeks training by exp. (topis). My interests are heavy bondage and safe SAM. But no long term marks. Have well equipped playroom need to be firmly secured in leather restraints during training. I take my punishment like a man but am safe sex oriented no fluid blood flt. Skilled Top planning to be in area invited to see before visit. Discretion is required and sex protected. Your photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF.

ATTENTION BOOTLICKERS

If your place is at your master's feet licking his boots on your knees with your shaved ass in the air then you might qualify to be chained in my dungeon. There I will administer all you can take in the way of TT ball weights, whipping, paddling, and WS. I am seeking a tall, trim muscular man who appreciates being manhandled by an experienced rough but tender master. Send nude photo, letter and phone to Box 4988LF.

SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean cut versatile GWM 35 wants to meet other attractive leather oriented guys in the 580 680 area. Open to friendship, hot jo bondage 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description and interests. Box 646 LF.

TONGUE BATH TOILET

For smelly faces! (ters over) 40 Shit piss toe jam. Looks not important. Blacks overweight OK. Photo, phone please to PO Box 34 7125 San Francisco CA 94134 7125

I NEED TO SNIFF YOUR HOLE

Nice looking office type 42 seeks contact with younger aggressive blue collar worker if you would enjoy making me tongue clean your sweaty pits, balls and snuff your ripe asshole. Write Chuck. PO Box 51201 Palo Alto, CA 94303. Sale only.

ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me clean it for you. Goodlooking husky GWM, 33 seeking man who enjoys guy down in front of him cleaning his feet, pits, balls and especially his ass. Sit on my chair and let me tongue-bathe you. T, W, S, V A too. Box 6622LF.

MASCULINE, REAL

Hot, masculine, real pervert 40 yrs 5' 180M bl bl, masculine, sexual, friendly, inquisitive Top (it's what works) looking for similar to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor big buddy. Intend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 6626LF.

NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather levis Masculine early 50s, 190 lbs. good body, pierced tits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced versatile Top prefer 50-50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping canoeing Sonoma Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 6684LF.

63-YR-OLD GRANDDAD

seeks submissives of all ages who will suck him, drink, & submit to V.A., B.O., G.S. & Haunch. Any combination, all fantasies provided the ultimate goal is to sexually please this dirty old man! Box 5943LF.

HIV POS BOY WANTED

HIV+ WM 44 5'11" 170M mustache bald swimmer's build leather military mindset demanding but understanding, sensitive caring, non bar. You trim, mustache, need leader support! Discipline? employed, quiet well-behaved, passive, respectful, light leather play. No drugs, FFA headrips power plays. PO Box 5233 San Francisco CA 94101

EXPLORE WITH DADDY

Tanned hairy Daddy seeks special San Francisco boy for imaginative action involving fantasy play, bl work, light bondage foot service sensuality, mutuality, affection and safe sex. Daddy is healthy, 48 5'9" 160 lbs. mustache, HIV+ Boy must be intelligent and have trim body. Reply now, son! Box 6799

PLAYROOM FOR RENT

South-of-Market Bondage Playroom for rent \$100 minimum/week (415) 621-6294

BIG HAIRY OLDER DOG LOVER

seeks pups 53 8'1" 240M white, circumcised, very hairy chest to ass. Need pups (black white, asian) to age 4 (dog years) to collar leash, strip, and feed my cock, balls. His Possibilities verbal abuse spanking, piss showers, cum dumps (mine yours), praising when you're good. NO ASSFUCKING inexperienced curious? Mated? Straight? Fine. Prefer continuing contact; open to friendship, social activities. Call Master (415) 533-8162 (Oakland) NO JERKOFF CALLS.

LOOKING

Was S.O.M. into FF WS, GP FR A P leather fantasies, trips, older rugged man the Slot. Hothouse, toys, playroom creativity, sensuality, new things. And still am! but willing to play carefully. Need partner into above to learn grow with & survive with—WM 5'6", 155 lbs. brn. brn, uncut 6' hairy & motivated to live again. I'm professional, stable, into politics, volunteer service trip music. Box 6554LF.

HEY BOY!

Your Daddy is looking for you if you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life. Then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391 9755

BONDAGE SLAVE

into long-term bondage, confinement, sensory deprivation, captivity & punishment. Into the severest, tightest, most inescapable prolonged leather bondage. Plan to move to San Francisco in May 1989. I'm 45, 5'11", 175 lbs. Box 6786

ALWAYS READY FOR IT

Hot young Black bottom wants to service tough Tops. Fuck me hard and make me suck your hard throbbing cock for hours. Share me with your friends. Enjoy leather hoods, toys, partying, groups and more if you're man enough. Write w/pablo & phone to Box 6676LF.

WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35 5'10" 140 lbs. bl bl smooth. Primarily relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT TT boot leather service. Looking for educated stable man to serve—hopefully on a long-term basis. SF Photo appreciated. All answered. Box 6679LF.

TOPGUNS

Two hot horny, uniformed cigar-chompin' lawmen (29 & 40) looking for a punk that needs to get used and abused. Into just about everything as long as it's kinky and safe. Looking for buddies into outdoor sex, hunting and hot workouts on the range. Box 6318LF.

LOVING SM

Somewhat experienced bottom seeks depths of trust with older experienced Top, for SM bondage. I'm not much into role playing, but if the relationship works, we could explore the REALTY of Master slave. Owns property 28 5'10" 200 attractive, muscular bearded. Your looks negotiable with admitted bias toward Daddy Bears. Box 6904

BAY AREA AND SO CAL

WM 40 trim, attractive, masculine very Montgomery Street bottom hairy, professional, fun, kinky looking for HOT guys 20 to 40 under 5 ft slender cocky, who enjoy all night sessions using TT and whips on fun substances. Letter and photo to Box 6320LF.

SADISTIC MASTER CENTRAL VALLEY

WM 37 seeks willing slaves for S M B J C B T W S, etc. Live in houseboy slave a possibility. Know how to work with and expand your limits. Apply Box 6890

HANDSOME WHITE MASTER SEEKS SLAVES

Two openings in my stable. One Black one White. Beginners OK will train with others. Interracial specialties. You may write with pictures and qualifications for application. Box 6889

PADDLES AND CANES

Count the strokes you get from the strong right arm of this 44 year old GWM 5'9" 150 lbs. Send your reasons for needing discipline, description, photo if possible to Steven. Box 6859

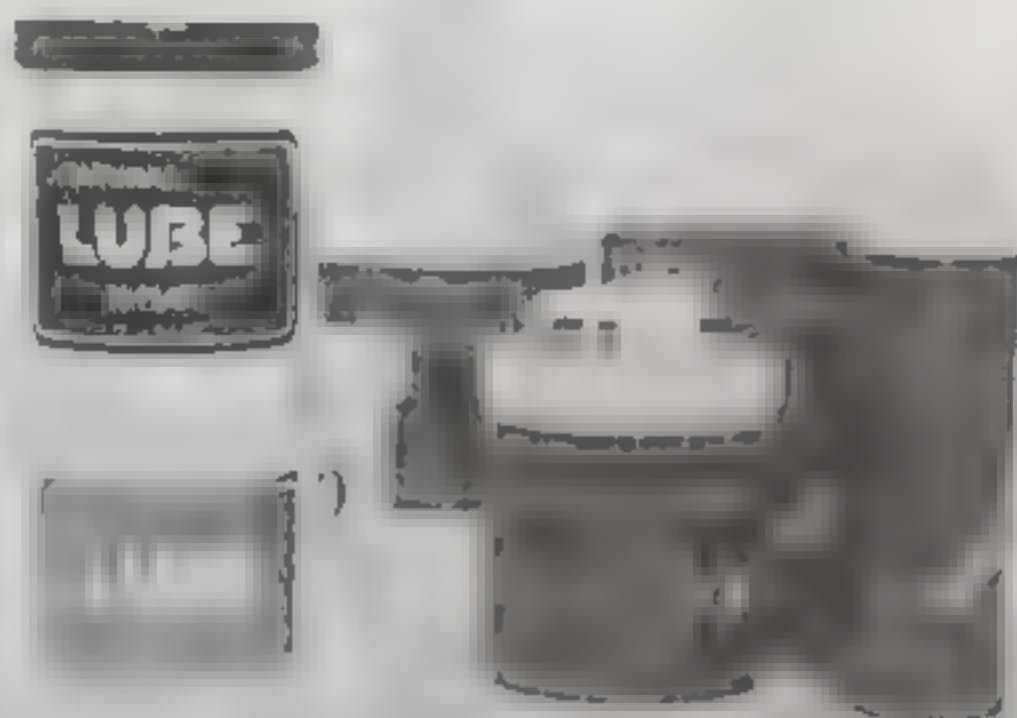
COCK, BALL, TIT TORTURE

using clamps, weights, wires, electricity, wax, Ben Gay, sandpaper while spread eagled and gagged. Muscular torturer 25 5'4" 230 W M awaits muscular guinea pigs to 30. Got the Balls? Prove it. Nude photo phone Box 6870

LIKE TO PUMP YOUR MEAT?

So do I. GWM 44 5'9" 150 brown brown good looking hairy bod looking for others into vacuum pumps. Interested? Write Box 6860.

BETTER THAN DRUGSTORE QUALITY AT DIRECT-SOURCE PRICES!



FORPLAY WITH NONOXYNOL 9!

ForPlay Sensual Lubricant is a water-soluble, greaseless, nonstaining gel. It is also colorless, odorless and gentle—nonirritating even on the most sensitive skin. This special lubricant is compatible with natural and synthetic materials. ForPlay's extensive laboratory testing and quality meet the highest pharmaceutical standards. Guaranteed.

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The all-time favorite in two sizes. Bio-degradable, odorless, tasteless and water-soluble 100% food-grade ingredients, no additives. 16 oz. 5 95, 2 oz. 2/4 95. Specify HOT, ULTRA or NATURAL.

SHAFT

The purest Ingredients, the slickest of lubricants. Removes easily with soap and water. 16 oz. 5 95, 2 oz. 2/4 95.

BUTTPLUG keeps his hole filled. This solid dildo is crafted to insert and stay in place until it is removed. Make him conscious of his position during the day or during the night. *Regular 8 95. Extra-thick 9.95.

FORPLAY 2 OZ. 3.50 / 8 OZ. 7.50 / 16 OZ. 12.50
ELBOW GREASE 4 OZ. 3.95 / 15 OZ. 7.50



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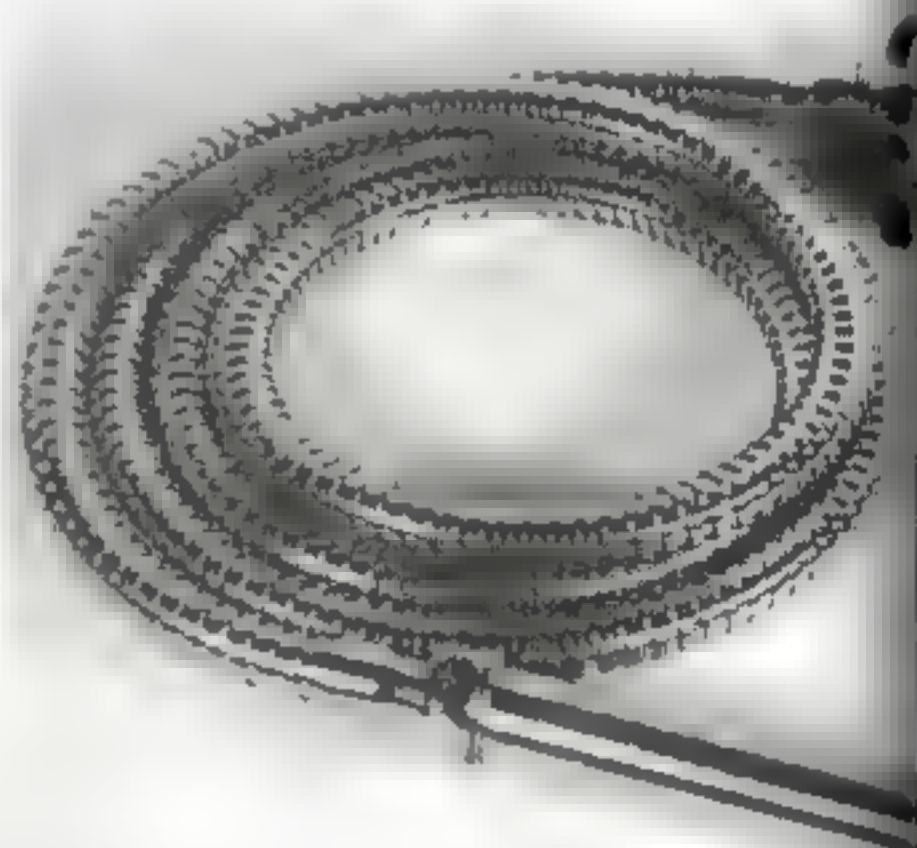
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An effective way of safely reducing chances of contracting and transmitting sexual genital disease. Three super-strong lubricated prophylactics designed for male-to-male relationships. Packed three to a package. Twelve (four packages) for only \$4.

PROTEX PLUS

Latex condom with a spermicide Nonoxynol-9. Ultra-thin for maximum sensitivity. A heavy-duty, yet sensitive performer. Packed three to a package. Twelve (four packages) for only \$4.



SOURCE

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QUICK! SEND ME THE FOLLOWING AND MAKE IT SNAPPY

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

☐ Check ☐ Money Order enclosed for \$ _____

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD # _____

Exp. ____/____/____ Signature _____

(I am 21 years of age or older)

California residents add 6% sales tax

Use street address for UPS delivery when possible



HAIRY, HOT, HORNY

WM 27 5' 6" hairy bondage Top seeks willing bodybuilders who want their hands cuffed balls stretched and nipples clipped. We explore fantasies. Send photo, phone letter. Box 6880

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

Sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40. White or Oriental. drug smoke free. submissive obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter photo phone to Box 6 23LF

LOVER MASTER NEEDED

GWM 25, 8' 165 lbs blond blue goodlooking, hung, college boy, French accent. Greek passive, HIV-negative, seeks dominant man. Non smoker. Uninhibited. Vanilla to SM. My interests include Country Western dancing, Opera, Books, Music, Movies, Working Out. Sex Box 6924

ASS SLAVE

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training, into all ass ranch especially farts, food, stretched holes, shit smearing. Need Tops, bottoms and combinations for heavy duty ass sucking service. I need dirty ass verbal abuse, shitty cock 41, attractive built obedient. Please Sir send W. Box 6682LF

YOUNG TOP WANTED

Me 37, 5' 6", 150, W M, hairy goodlooking professional. You 25-35 smooth creative into B&D, C&BT, hoods, light S M in bedroom. Friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6934

WORTHY MAN SEEKS SAME

Clean-cut masculine, regular guy with nicely defined 5' 8" 140 lb body, into leather levis, B D, would be proud to serve and satisfy very masculine, well built, taller man capable of dominating and deserving of respect. No fat, drugs, drunks, or unsafe sex. Please write. Boxholder 6166 Merced #194 Oakland, CA 94611

BUTCH LEATHER BUDDY

Central CA masculine stud seeks guys who can't get enough and can keep pace. Like working out leather fantasies. Light bondage pet & muscle work video, safe play, uninhibited horny talk and attitude. You must be butch, in shape, confident, clever and nasty to be on par. Photo. Box 6908

SMALL FISTED MASTER

W M 39 seeks small fist Master for steady connection. Baldness a plus. (415) 285 5449

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Gdlikg W M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Fart up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write Bill S. #237 2215 R Market St. San Francisco CA 941 4

HOT FUCK

Sum "Alt-American" boy seeks muscular mature Man to fuck and play with my tits and ass. Boy is 24 5' 11", 160 lbs. Safe Only No Drugs. Photo appreciated. Box 6946

EASTBAY BUDD ES 36.42

We're hot-n-horny for bearded burly men ruckers, bikers, leathermen, uniforms, for no-holds-barred outdoor sex. If you have a big mouth and good imagination, we're into balls, pits, tits, dicks and ass. SAFE RICK. 484 Lakepark #190 Oakland, CA 94610

TOP OR BOTTOM

WM 29 muscular professional seeks others in strip searches, medical scenes, enemas, spankings, shaving or ? All scenes considered. PO 5541 Sacramento CA 95817

ST LEATHERBUDDY

Professional 38 6' 4" 150-lb pierced, non smoker, HIV negative, serious, considerable conventional, monogamous, versatile, into adventurous intimate leathersex seeks regular buddy with similar characteristics/values. Box 6967

MOAN WHILE I FUCK YOUR ASS

Interests include bondage, red hot ass and anything from a lean body to big muscle. I'm 31 Daddy 41 6' 4" and 175 lbs. Good photo required. Phone & optional. Box 6931LF

BOOTED BIKER TO FUCK HIM

Country boy needs fucking by booted biker. Boy is 32 years old 5' 7" 150 lbs. clean cut. Call or write. Tel (415) 540 7407. Box 6919

TOILET TOPS

W M 46, 5' 10" 200lb nice ass, HIV neg, seeks hungry bottoms to lead direct. Main up friend 43 shirt available for double dumps. Box 6957

X NAVY BOY 20 NEEDS DADDY

40+ to show me how to do it. I want to know how to get it. I play hard and safe. Each one a thing or two. Dad? Bob 484 Lakepark #190 Oakland CA 94610

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave 35 5' 6" 140 lbs. into discipline, humiliation from short lightweight Master. Into body worship, scapits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black Asian Master. PO Box 8635 San Francisco CA 94101

PISS TOP WANTED

Attractive muscular hairy hung rugged looking Italian late 20s looking for a big dick GWM piss Top that wants his dick serviced and piss drained down my throat and up my ass. Also into SM, CBT, IT catheters etc. Serious only please write. PO Box 40725 San Francisco CA 94115

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT WHITE MASTER TOP DADDY

wanted by white slave bottom. 37 5' 11" 200 lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel eyes, moustache. Am into leather levis, boots, uniforms, being G P F A P (front/rear), S M B/D, W S, toys. I'll play. Sincere only. Sk. Send orders & info to Jay. PO Box 87E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067 (LF5349)

LONG THICK CIGARS/COCKS

Muscular WM, 28, 5' 8", 150 lbs., wants Cigar-smoking top into leather uniforms, bondage and rough, rough sex. I want it hot, sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45, and experienced (moustache preferred). Call (818) 889-5475 or send letter w/photo. Box 6777LF

PISS SLAVES WANTED

Goodlooking Top wants to meet skm slave bottoms into bear weed, fantasies, safe sex. I'm 5' 9", 150 lbs, br/bl. good shape. Write Bill. Box 6891 Pix?

LEATHER MAN READY

Experienced bottom, 47, into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation, sensory deprivation) and S&M (C&T, T/T, Ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11pm-9am (818) 843-5428 Burbank Box 6767LF

DOCTOR NEEDED

W M 5' 11", 165, 41 slender needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be as realistic and complete as possible. Box 6741

SHARE THE ADVENTURE

If you are the master of your life and want to be the master of mine I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s, and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy. (714) 220-0513 16566LF

WANTED HUNGRY COCK-SLAVES

Currently taking applications for cock-boys & sex-slaves, to service my 9 X7" mastercock. Must be 18-30, possess a well maintained physique. Experienced in extended servicing sessions. I am 28 6' 5" 220lb dk hr & eyes match & try. Have live in full-time. KEPT. positions avail. Serious slaves hung for a serious commitment should send application w photo & phone to Marcus. Box 8728LF

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285 3327

WHIPMASTER

Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35. Am white 33, 5' 11", shaved head, mustache, hairy body sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call Paul (213) 657 5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone to PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069 (LF5903)

BAKERSFIELD KERN CNTY BOYS

Sought by big brother Daddy 31, 6' 190 lbs br h2, moustache & masculine, educated & professional HIV- Looking for hot Alt American white boy, 18-28 for possible relationship. Must be submissive in bedroom but has own mind out of it. Boy must have great ass and love to be fucked. No fats, drugs, pissies or barthes. Write Boxholder PO Box 748 Bakersfield CA 93303

PWA IN VALLEY

You responded to my ad "HIV POS SEEKS KINKYBLDDY", but I lost your number. Give me a call. Randy (213) 271 5352

ARE YOU A FIST FUCKER?

WM 43'6" 160# hot deep/wide asshole seeks sensual top or versatile fist fuckers for long erotic sessions. Palm Springs (619) 321 2819

SEEK STUD SADISTIC TOPS

I'm blond, butch, young 36 yrs, healthy, dancer swimmer build, leather-levi type and a heavy, extra kinky masochistic big cheezy dick and shit hole worshiper. Whip my ass, torture my weenie and tits. V A humiliation, etc. 3 ways OK with your buddy or bottom. Garrick (213) 871-0053 evenings before 10:00 or weekends. No J/O calls.

EXHIBITIONIST

33, 6' W M, horny and sexy, hung and hot, built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain, and give me S M B D W S, imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079 (No J/O calls) Box 6562

MASCULINE YOUNGER BROTHER

very masculine big brother W M, 42, 6' 1", 250lb dominant, very possessive, wants younger brother to take under the wing. Lil' brother must be 25-35, G/W/M, masculine, muscular Marine-type guy. Big guys are a big plus. Living in Pomona Ontario also an asset. Letter photo to Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154 Chino, CA 91710 714/597 8095 Box 6560LF

SO. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include VA bondage, boots, TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 148, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd #109, West Hollywood, CA 90046

HOT SURFER STUO

Blond bodybuilder 28, 6' 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt 644 West Hollywood 90069

SUBSERVIENT BLONDE JOCK

30 wants long-term relationship with dominant man 28-45. I'm goodlooking, muscle-bound, educated, masculine, employed, honest. Ready to share my life with one MAN who is as caring and loving as I am, but knows who's boss when it counts. Serious. PO 16813, San Diego, CA 92116

HEAVY B&D & HARD SPANKING

Submissive W M 29 into: light, elaborate restraint/imprisonment. Leather ropes, chains, irons, masks, hoods, racks, stocks, suspension. Classic and ritualistic torture/punishment scenes. Medieval inquisition, etc. Hard bare butt spanking: strap, crop, cat-o-nine, hardwood paddle, cane Birch, etc. Strict, merciless! No sex, just discipline! Meet or correspond. Box 6806

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING

San Diego Area GWM 31 6' 1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. We become guard's prisoner and slave if I don't escape. Looking for long-term confinement/relationship. I'm HIV neg and clean same a must. Send detailed letter photo. Occupant Box 1652, Solana Beach 92075 Box 6838LF

WEEKEND SLAVE AVAILABLE

Sincere, well-built young man seeks experienced Top who desires occasional, unlimited use of clean-cut healthy slave. Can travel. Nude photo available for your inspection. Serious only. Box 6964

SISSY SLAVES

Hot Top into slim and nasty slaves into panties, lingerie, B D, W S, shaving, wine, weed, fantasies, safe sex, m 5' 9" 150 lbs, brn hr blue eyes good shape. Write Bill. Box 6951 Pix?

BIG BEEFY BUNS!

I got em. Muscular studly boy 27, 5' 8" 165, brown/hazel. Moving San Diego Spring 89. Seeks hairy, muscular Dominant Man for hot times and more. Box 6987

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85



S R EAGER BOOT LOAFER LICKER
wants GWM to please Oral no anal safe sex
Linn is respected mutually PO Box 16736 St
Louis Missouri 63 05

MONTANA
MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
in 48 min a high honest intelligence 5'10"
but seeks no You need discipline but open
spanking and being for or young well but
especially body under for bad player cow
boy Must have a intelligent sex
can play the game Big Brother Master &
photo to Frank Anderson Box 3744 Boz
win MT 59722

NEVADA
COMING TO RENO SPARKS?
Did you know in 6'4" 180 brown hazel
mascular into leather domination bondage
You are under 30 submissive Permanent
partnership possible PO Box 318 Sparks
Nevada 89432 (702) 365 8908

NEW JERSEY
TORTURE TURN YOU ON?
Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) well
built captives man enough to endure imagin-

ive and heavy bondage pain and torture in
my extraordinarily equipped dungeon limits
explored and expanded Mine interested in
classic torture scenes than leather sex (20's)
674 6725 offer BFM (114769)

NJ DRUMMERS
Followed pierced body wearing, cigar
chewing and leathermen loves hats hoods
gloves chains and sps Amalgamated and
unions for Desire communication with other
amateur NJ Drummers & No pros, pls
interests include bondage discipline endur
ance exhibitionism photography Privacy
is paramount safe expected Call/Write Mr (30
201) 2 9 6450 Tuesdays Or write Mr
HUI

MASTER
looking for slaves or bottoms who are into hot
wet BT CBT sucking fucking getting shaved
hair wax FF dildos and especially long ass play
Novice welcome letter pictures and phone
number to Master Ron 302A Last Beach
Avenue Brigantine NJ 08203 Box 6977LF

NEW MEXICO
HARRY LEATHER BEAR
WM 39 5'11" 210 lbs black hair full beard
hairy as hell into leather sex Feel smel
sight and taste of leather Not into kinky rough
sex MFG PO Box 35104 Albuquerque NM
87176

NEW YORK
PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB
city NY 10014 (downstairs) Meets every
Friday from 3PM to 3AM Also meets every
Saturday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM
and parties on Fri ??? FREE CLOTHES CH-CK
AND JUDA BAR BYOB Bring in this ad for a
10-1 201MR RHP For more information
call by wire or phone 212) 7

ATHLETIC TOP
looking for firm top for serious sex on
p 1, 4, 6, 5'10" 170 BB masculine
care so love adventure into B D S M
looking safe for A Fr p a s play toys You
are good and dirty desire a true com-
g Phone necessary ph to Box 774
141 W 95 St NYC NY 10011

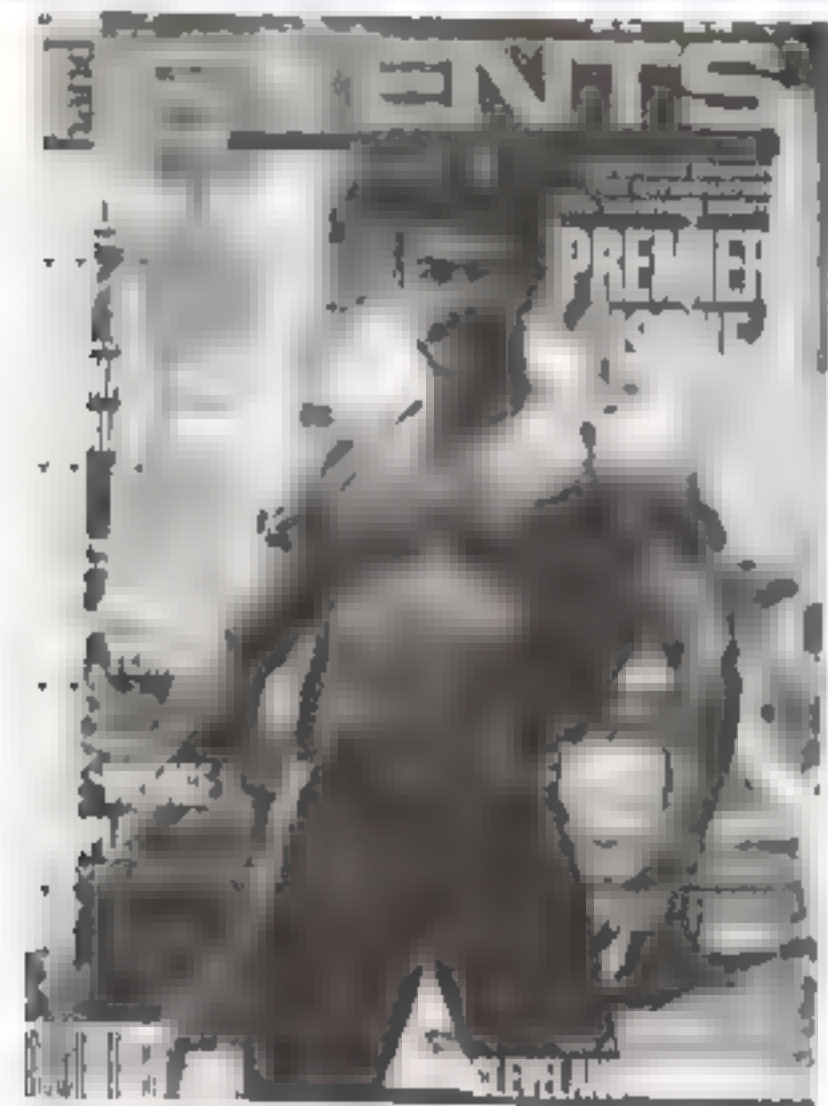
BODYBUILDER SLAVE
Well trained bottom seeks experienced
Master top Pain fan any exhibitionism
3 ways Reply w pic Box 6841

GANG RAPE
WM 37 5'9" assussy needs rough assplay
ing and mouthstufing rape piss V A spit by
tops undies hats street gangs rough
tops Healthy and expect same Also into
tough topman domination arm pits foreskin
B D Bluecollar hung noisy roughfuckers a
plus Detailed action photo to Box 6427LI

CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE
Gym workouts keep my body in shape and
daily bike riding keeps my meign ass cheeks
molded hard But this healthy 41 WM
Scorpio pig's ass has a deep hungry hole tha
craves attention Man is 6'7" 135 lbs
pierced pierced his cock balls shaved chest
ass-c to into mutual heavy ass work ass toys
Bam and foot fucking L L mouth and tongue
good to extra spec a turn on of feet boots
socks and locks Absolute turn-off o over
weights inexperienced and men who only
have fantasies but are unable to live them
Communicate by phoning 212 255 3138
2pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison
are Station NYC NY 10159 with pho o
pho desc ption Experience a real MAN
LF5575

STOCKY BUTCH SLAVE
man 33 5'9" 210 solid very masculine
ru healthy hairy seeks dominant bea
body chunky built cut & hung into dominat
ing a dog collared slave No hangups Smoke
poppes any hing else a ok Photo phone o
Box 6446 F

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER
37 5'9" 190 seeks dog or pig n o heavy
heavy V A whippings, please able torture
CBT TT FF W S scat A complete piece of shit
that likes to be revved like one Prefer
experienced short chunky types Photo and
e're of qualifications n Box 5814,F



EVENTS

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THE REAL THING

Master 38 has opening for slave trainee under 35 First collar and lash later cuffs chains heavy B D ultimately shaving piercing and chastity belt You can keep your day job but you will still be my property True commitment offered no disrespect assured Photo phone sincere only Box 6678LF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good looking Italian needs correction and will serve tough sane White Black Hispanic men in work clothes up to 10 hrs w/ in a boxers rubber 3 piece suit's leather get punch ca hetero and gay cock & ball verbal safe sex can be up No phone sex Tel 5 718 SM 80 408 Dave PO Box 51 634 Brooklyn New York 112 5 or Box 668 11

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM 33 6'1" 85 very attractive masculine and works on 1000s tall big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to add on sweaty lockerroom frat hazing and other explosive fantasies Call Hank blwn 8 pm 12 mid to meet in NYC NO phone 1 612 675-7352 Box 6688LF

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman 6'1" 175lbs 37 yrs old full beard and slash pierced tits and dick needs Master lover or playmate on a regular basis heavy into rubber latex leather sports gear and uniforms water sports verbal abuse shaving diapers used rubbers hot kinky sex Tel me what turns you on and let's give it a try Box 6699LF

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good looking WM 33 6'3" 165 lbs brown hair eyes mustache into leather FF TT didoes looking for a Top or versatile hot a ractive male under 48 for good times and more Answer with photo for fast reply Box 6706LF

ALBANY AREA

Hot arrogant bodybuilder 25 40 wanted by submissive son in the brother novice 24, You are not superior to most men know it and want it. You are arrogant macho and very straight acting and you enjoy this magazine w/ a feeling I take over your life I am of average looks and build (6'1" 185 with a lot of potential looking for someone to give me the discipline need Please Sir develop my mind and mold my body to your level of perfection while I serve your every need Uniforms cops gym teachers boots Italian Latin a plus Monogamy and HIV negative a must Enclose phone photo all expectations Box 6882

18 TO 7

Hot man sought by photographer to appear in pix and video ALL types 18 to 7 Here's your chance to show off your best Tony C Photography 212 T 41 1437

FISTING BUDDY WANTED

Experienced WM 35 6' 160 lbs in shape hot leather Top looking for buddy for all night deep FF Mutual and other scenes possible with the right person Photo gets faster reply Box 6922

SLICK HAND WILD HOLE

NYC FF expert 38 155 5'10" smooth gym bod with playroom & sling seeks trim horny clean cut total h3, buddy 20 35 to 160 lbs into intense body worship JO, oil smoke aroma and great safe mutual hole action open to repeat workouts Serious student OK PO Box 3035 New York NY 10 85

A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom passive is seeking to serve expand and learn from authoritative Masters Young acting and thinking 45 educated II blond hair and blue eyed Wishes for previous training in the leather and S M at first to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure Age and appearance secondary to ability Based NYC have what other areas need daily Phone and photo helpful Box 69 011

INITIATE A PREPPY

Collegiate clean shaven 26 5 red hair blond cut Joe College boy to be a preppy sparkling nipples are a I show the how a real man works off Photo required Tel me how you'd show me a safe hot masculine time Box 8501 FLR Station NYC 10 30 6716LF

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Kissing licking sucking humming sweating pits nipple stretching 69 Total oral no Greek no condoms WM pig 46 6'1" 185 6' cut grey hair & beard bear hairy big nipples You must be a bearded mutual pig 35+ & into nipples Need a steady fuck buddy lover Box 6499LF

PASSIVE SUBMISSIVE ON LI

37 blond blue 5'10" 165 good build seeks dominant person for fun friendship or relationship only on LI NE Queens Call 1718 454 2354

BEGINNER WANTS TO SERVE

Young looking 25 5'8" 135 lbs 1 Serbian attractive black hair brown eyes eyebrow type moustache Obedient and willing to explore limits Interested in bondage Not into S M F F toys pain Write with photo only to 1102 Kensington Ave Suite 107 Buffalo NY 4215

HANDSOME MASCULINE TOP

seeks handsome masculine bottom into total submission service bondage pain and joy ally for possible relationship White Sir 512 E 5th St #12 NYC 10009 No phone no photo no deal Box 6975LF

HANDSOME GUY

Creative & masculine leatherman late 20s 6'1" 175 dark blond blue eyes stacc looking for other guys into leather and mutual FF Slash a plus Send letter & picture No picture no answer Box 6979LF

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

wants obedient well-mannered whiteboy all my OWN! Studs 29 6'3" 175 healthy smooth muscled mustache sensible educated hot into pain FF etc but quiet dominant horny for white pussy! Want committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksucker I can love horsefuck safely! Deal honestly with our feelings needs You attractive understanding stable clean reliable satisfy a black man Sincere only! No drugs bullshit KNOW what you want or don't waste my time PO Box 1555 NYC 10011

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching kicking choking and rough action in general If you're not into this don't waste my time with a letter Phone number a must Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply I'm also open to fucking a masochist over with another Leatherman Box 4840LF

MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

50 6'3" 250 lbs beard hairy tattoos lat smoker 6 pack drinker lat cut 15 polar bear into CBT gloved FF Especially like d bubble butt 15 Looking for or weekly workouts Photo with

ANIMALS

Very experienced novice photo inter del's same

HUMBLE SERVANT

28 begs for it ever a young guy w/ a soft heart against difficult you know who you are and 32 Wm 241 316LF

NORTH CAROLINA

PRIVATE VIDEO MAKERS

WM 34 5'11" 160 lbs wants to be violently beaten and brutally gang-raped camera No limits Am discreet well insured and will sign any necessary releases I would like a copy of the edited tape for myself what you do with the video after that is your business Box 6743LF

OHIO

WM 40 5'10" 162 8m 8m Dominant Master Moustache Thinning Hair Independent Masculine Hairy you gym submissive masochistic slave younger shorter hot skin of funky body bubble butt masculine blond swimmer student jock bodybuilder construction farm or bluecollar punk but open to others DRESS Leather Levis Uniforms Cowboy INTEREST SM CBT Bondage Discipline Hot Wax Spanking Ass Beating Whipping Flogging Electric Torture Construction Spit Sweat TOOLS Whips Belts Paddles Straps Canes Gulls Restraints Ropes Chains Gags Blindfold Moods Clamps Candles Generators View Cards Catle Prods Rawhide Candles Brushes CONDITIONS Me Drug Free you non-abusive Safe Sane Consensual Brutal Pro images intense RESPOND SIR PO Box 0821 Cincinnati OH 45210 Box 6837LF

DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

WM 35 185 lbs 5'11" beard brown hair green eyes cut A Fr P Gr submissive Seeking hot pig muscled hairy tops 25 45 for SM BD WS TT CBT FF shaving enemas Expand my limits while I worship your body Sir and fulfill your leather fantasies Dayton Cincinnati OH Box 5514LF

ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks L/S butts for strap paddle cane and belt Here's your opportunity to experience the trauma of the British schoolboy GWM 41 PO Box 14056 Cleveland OH 44114 1LF6895

HUNKY OH O DADDY

Handsome WM 40s 6'3" beard hot hairy 400 lbs bottom to discipline caress and use your body to explore our sexual fantasies If you're WM bottom fat skin novice older couples send a letter with photo PO Box 970 Westerville OH 43081 16063LF

BODY MIND SPART

dance is important Submissive in bed egalitarian in life imaginative playful novice GWM 36 6'2" 210 lbs looking for equally sensitive intelligent GWM to "show me the ropes" Into fantasy ass feet worship Safe sex only Friendship romance possible Reply to Box 6960

NOVICE SEEKING TRAINER

Assessive Master wanted for intense sensual dominance and prolonged erotic sessions Age looks unimportant I'm new to scene 5'10" 160lb 27 blond blue Photo phone necessary Columbus Box 6954

OREGON

MATURE MC LEATHERMAN

Huile riding bootmaster seeks safe sex relationship with bottom into on going leather experience No pain or far out kink Just healthy leather sex bootlicking fantasies If young you are mature and masculine if my age you are at least quite intense in your dedication to the boot riding lifestyle Box 6764LF

ARE YOU A SLAVE?

Not experienced but seeking a commitment and need to serve a dependable imaginative Master? White-collar Master will allow a large measure of independence while enforcing discipline and control Progressive limit increase training Must relocate in Salem Oregon w/out delay Describe self as a photo phone for reply Box 5954LF

CIGARS AND SWEAT

Uncut bearded dude hung thick with big balls looking for man to hairy hunk into man to man action C&R big nipple work long slow smokin sessions (no anal or kink) Beard uncut are musts Just natural laid back let em hang sex Bare-ass leather men welcome Box 6618LF

LEATHER DADDY DADDY BEAR

35 yo bearded all active WM wants leather Daddy or Daddy bear for morning or afternoon sessions of manly safe sex playing with his ass balls and mind Box 6937LF

PORTLAND TV SLAVE-MAID

Extraordinary white male Port and State graduate student 35 5'11" 160 hazel bleached blond hung seeks engineer bootied leather Master who will keep me in long wigs fitted bras skirts high heels chains cages or other discipline for life Can work as beautician waitress etc Box 6966LF

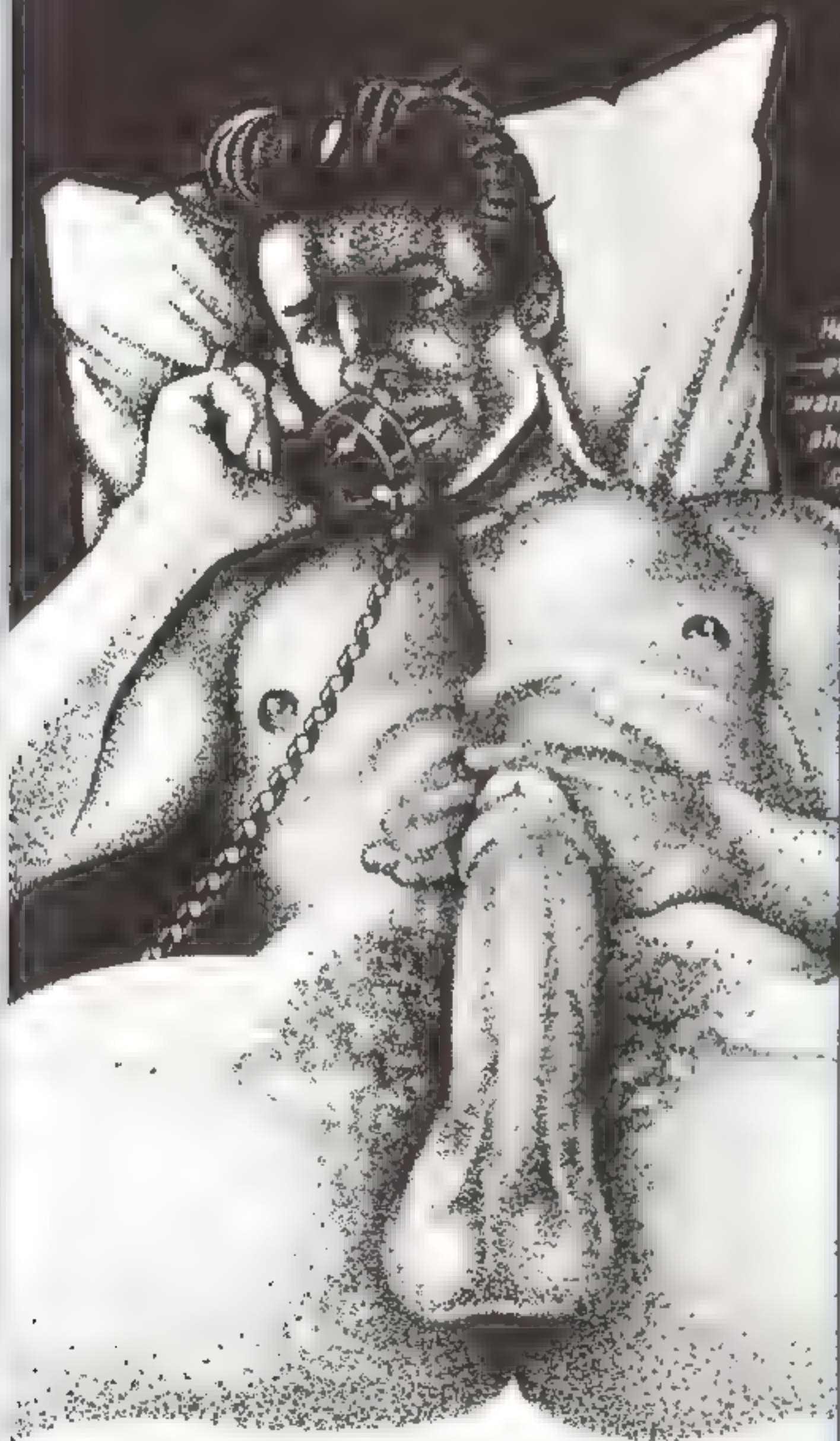
PENNSYLVANIA

ASS EATING ADDICT

Goodlooking expert ass-eater seeks lops bottoms for regular action weekends & possible evenings in Philadelphia area Pluses clean and shaved & so erched holes uncut In a m pils tit play W S FF Race not important photo and serious minded answered first No acts or terms Box 6902LF

CIGAR SMOKIN BEARDED DJOES

Italian cigar stud in Erie area offers hot throat and tight ass to hairy bearded husky dudes 35-60 for ongoing encounters Talk dirty to me man and blow that sledge smoke in my face Letter with photo guarantees the same T Marino PO Box 8034 Erie PA 16505



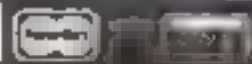
Hey
—ever felt a
warm, wet
phone
call?

...maybe it's time.

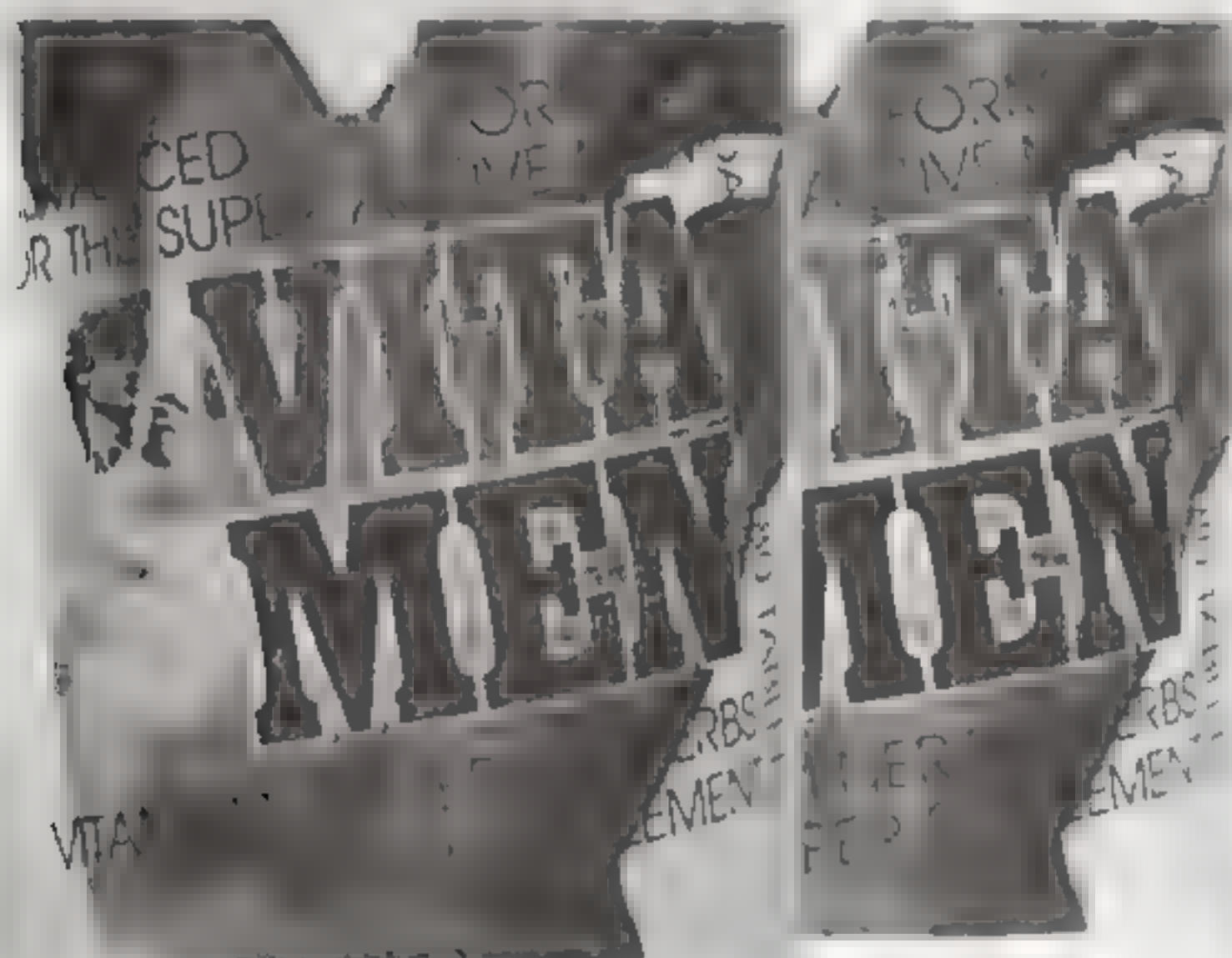
Make a free call for information to our 24-hour, live operators. We guarantee absolute confidentiality—and it costs only ten cents, or less, per minute. (Some services charge up to \$27 per hour.) You are charged *only when talking to another man*, and you will never be cut off in the middle of a conversation.

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A row of Polaroid photographs showing various scenes, including people in a room and a person in a car. The photos are arranged horizontally, with some showing people in a room and others showing a person in a car. The text "Polaroid" is visible on the top left of the first photo.

91

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DRUMMER 126

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To me B&D S&M experiences can only grow out of really knowing and trusting my partner. I have no interest in 'fantasies' with total strangers, or with people who only relate to me from their fantasy side. I'm very experienced as a top and a bottom in B&D S&M scenes and I'm seeking contact with other whole persons (tops, bottoms, or 'boths', experienced or not) who want to get to know each other as people first and then expand into trust scenes. I'm 36, 5'10", 190 lbs, considered goodlooking, Vancouver resident, Christian, non-smoker, my age or younger Vancouver area. I will contact all only people who reply with a photo and a phone number. PO Box 3874, Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 3Z3

LIVE IN SLAVE REQUIRED

Experienced Master in SW Ontario, strong at university graduate youth, 50 seeking slave under 30, novice or experienced any race. Absolute obedience required. Total surrender necessary. Trial period suggested. Serious only. Box 6915

DENMARK

DANISH LEATHER & TALL BOOTS

Two Danish leather men, 46-42 masculine versatile and insatiable for black leather. Invite traveling leathermen in complete black leather gear from cap to boots to visit them. Hot in and C/B play and most safe-sex scenes. Extremely tall black boots a special turn-on. Photo welcome. Box 6357LF

ENGLAND

BUSINESS TRAVELLER SEEKS MATES

A beautifully pieced 41 year old cock, surrounded by tattoos is looking for compatible mate. Owner travels widely in Europe, and East Coast. Holiday promised to right prospect. Photos letters calls all appreciated and answered. Box 6282LF

RAPE

Bearded 35 Bottom 6 needs roughlooking face and ass by Cops, Uniforms, Bikers, Leather Guys, Rough Tops, Workmen, B.B. & Dne or a gang. Heavily into Bondage, S.M. Also need Hung Dominant Topman for regular Rope Leather sessions. Not into play acting just getting used. Travelling U.S. Australia 1988-89 U.K. and Europe regularly like Socialising with Top also. Photos and details of action please. Box 6230LF

SLEAZE SLAVE

WM 36, slave seeks strong minded sub. UK or Europe. Into bondage, water sports, shoving dirt, wax. My tongue licks sweaty feet & armpits. A return for spit. Box 6923

WEST GERMANY

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

Uniformed Leatherman 38-41, 195 looking for other Tops who live leather, uniforms, rassim and BMW or Harleys. I'm the Man of your dreams and the Man of your nightmares. Macho Men with Moustaches a Must. All others save your stamps. Write 'Major Mauler' Box 6410LF



GERMAN LEATHER TOP

Leather and S.M. turn me on. German 42-64 185 lbs. uncult. wants to get in touch with interested leathermen top bottom into CB, T.T., B.D., shaving, breathcontrol and other forms of the leather scene. Will be in JSA Oct 88. Letter with photo to Box 5755LF

K-TOWN AMERICAN

Biker into leather uniforms. B.D. Top or bottom can take what dish out. All military MPs, SPs especially welcome. Safe, sane, discreet. Cops bikers, write too. Stateside or in Europe. (Often in U.S. Here's your chance sit on your ass and we won't meet if you're tight) write! Box 6770LF

SUBMISSIVE SLAVE SOUGHT

SOUTHERN GERMANY can be master seeks slave who needs training in light to heavy B&D involving TT, CB, humiliation etc. as see if you will become the perfect kind of leather slave. Age not important. Application with photo and phone. Serious only! Box 6553LF

COMPUTERS

S.M. COMPUTER

Bulletin board system, kinky message base, private mail, matchmaker surveys and more. (213) 393-4713 modem only. System password is DRUMMER

HAVE A COMPUTER AND MODEM?

Then call into PC Bears Lair (RBBS) at (415) 572-9563 and then into Wally World (Opus) at (415) 349-6969. Both support BNI 300-200 2400 baud, Echo Mail, and LOTS of Head Mac images, stories and more. Immediate access to entire board. Available 22 hours a day. No validation required.

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The California law reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal, in all advertising, the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers, this address must be included in all ad copy. To readers, the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad (in parentheses) is the address required by state law. Most firms still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number.

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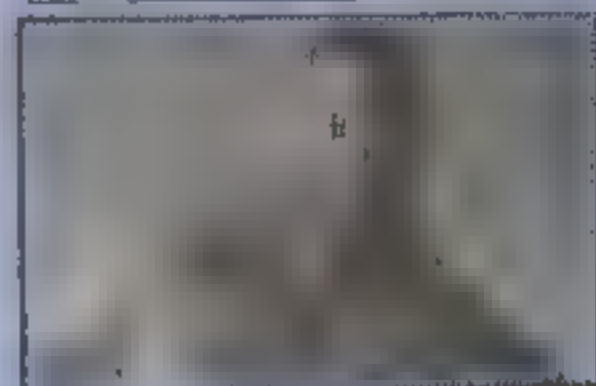
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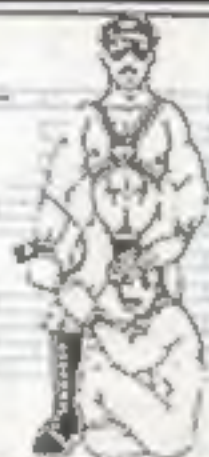
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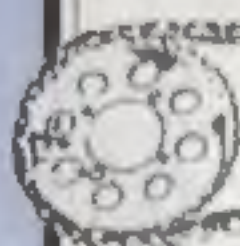


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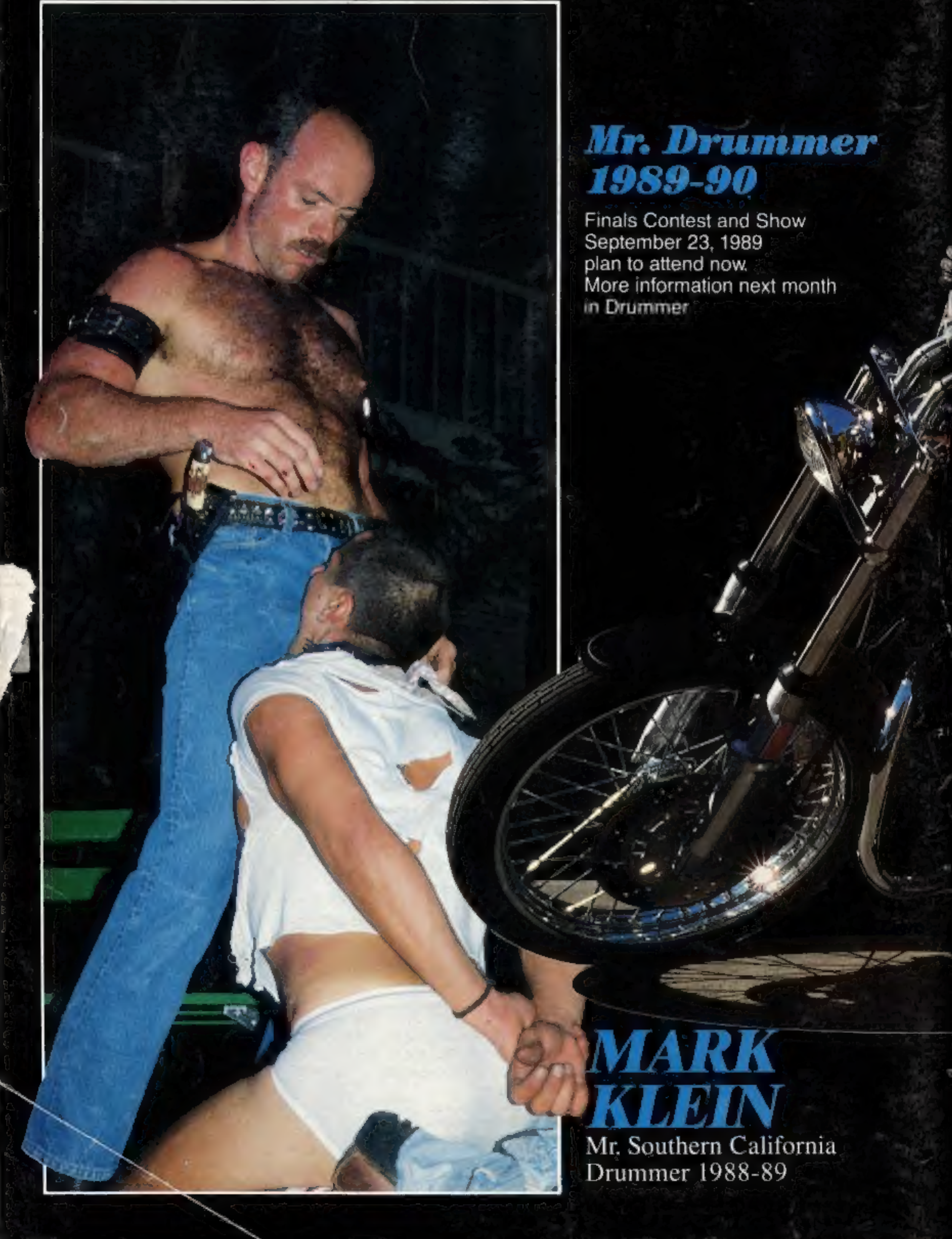
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